K Cooke

TALES, EPISTLES, ODES, FABLES, &c.

992 h.
#

WITH

TRANSLATIONS

From *HOMER* and other antient AUTHORS.

To which are added

PROPOSALS

For perfecting the

ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

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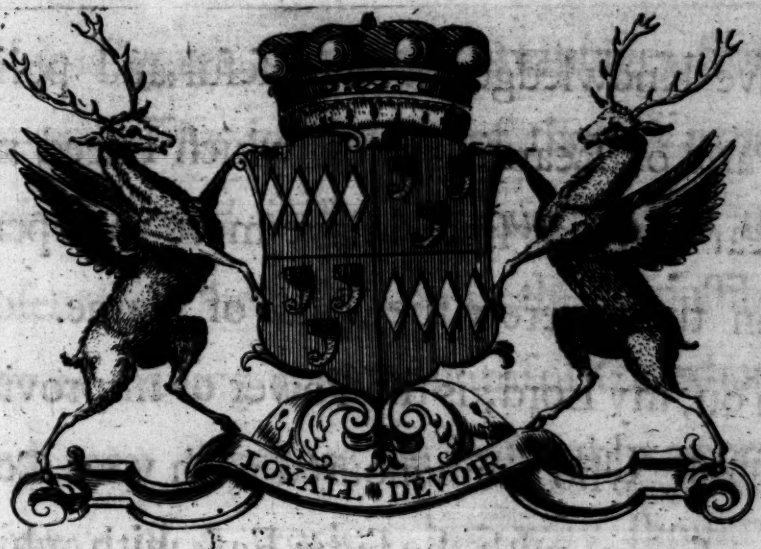
VIII

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM



TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lord *CARTARET.*

My LORD,

I Doubt not but one of my Reaſons for this Addreſs will, by ſome Perſons, be brought againſt Me as an Argument of my Preſumption; I mean your Lordſhip's extenſive

ſive Knowledge in the uſeful and polite Parts of Learning; of which I need not fear to ſpeak, ſince I have more to depend on than merely the Voice of Fame. In You, my Lord, is the Power of improving thoſe, who are honoured with your Converſation, with the ſame Eaſe with which you tranſact the common Affairs of Life; and a Figure in Speech can never be more properly indulged than when we ſay you are arayed with Wiſdom and Learning.

I ſhould, my Lord, be unjuſt to Myſelf did I here omit the Mention of your public Virtues; I ſhould be ingrateful, ſince every Subject of *Great Brittain*, in

ſome

ſome Degree, receives Advantages from them. The juſt Senſe of thoſe Virtues keeps *Ireland* in Sorrow, while you are abſent from her: ſhe knows the Impoſſibility of having a more faithful Guardian, and may therefore be reaſonably apprehenſive of a worſe: but why ſhould I from many Circumſtances point out one in Favour of a Patriot, when the whole Nation acknowledges all? What Honours, what Bleſſings, are his Due, for whoſe Safety, and whoſe Glory, the Prayers of three Kingdoms are preferred!

Accept, my Lord, this Offering to your eminent Worth: condeſcend to be the

Patron

Patron of theſe few Productions, and be the Pride of their Author. I here preſent all that I deſire to be called mine of original Poetry; all which I have hitherto wrote; and I have, my Lord, no greater Ambition than of worthyly approving Myſelf

Your LORDSHIP'S

moſt obedient

humble Servant

March, 1729.

THOMAS COOKE.

THE

KNIGHTS of the *BATH.*

A

TALE.

To his Grace the

Duke of MONTAGU.

THE KNIGHTS of the *BATH.*

A TALE.

SAY, ſhall the brave like common Mortals dy,
And Acts of Virtue in Oblivion ly?
The Muſe forbids, who in recording Lays
Gives ever to Deſert the Song of Praiſe.
What, tho the Tale is not to *Anſtis* known?
Whate'er the Muſe recalls ſhe makes her own;

Who, conſcious of thy Worth, would give to Fame
Thy Charms *Matilda*, and *Carvilior*'s Flame.
Attend, my Lord, while I the Tale reſtore;
Protect the Poet, and he asks no more;
Refuſe not to reguard this humble Strain,
Thou juſt Preſider o'er th' illuſtrious Train.

E're the firſt *Cæſar* did our Iſle ſubdue,
When *Britons* Nought but *Britiſh* Virtue knew,
Cingetorix, in his Domains content,
Confin'd his Empire to the Bounds of *Kent*.
No Luſt of Powr drives him to Realms unknown,
To rob his Neighbours, and enlarge his own.
At Home no Fear his Peace of Mind moleſts;
He rules, no Tyrant, over loyal Breaſts.
Thrice happy Land, 'tis here the *Druids* ſing,
And are Companions only for the King.
Far hence away the Sons of Battel rage,
Unknown, O! *Albion*, to thy golden Age.

One only Daughter was this Prince's Care,
Chaſte as *Diana*, and as *Venus* fair;
When in the Woods the Nymph delights to rove,
Matilda walks the *Dian* of the Grove;
Or if the regal Dome is her Reſort,
Matilda ſhines the *Venus* of the Court;
If in the Grove, or in the Court, ſhe moves,
She's ſtill attended by a thouſand Loves;
Each from her Eyes a thouſand Arrows darts,
And leads in Triumph each a thouſand Hearts.
All Eyes which ſee her once confeſs her Sway,
And her bright Image never fades away.

Among the Youths, who dar'd to vow their Flame,
A poor, but gallant, Prince, *Carvilior*, came;
He walk'd a God amidſt th' admiring Throng,
The darling Subject of the *Druid*'s Song.
To all the Beautys of a Form were join'd
Th' unſully'd Virtues of a Soul refin'd,

His ev'ry Act, his ev'ry Word, could move;
Maſter of all the Rhetoric of Love.

Of all the Suitors who the Fair addreſs'd,
None found a Paſſage to her virtuous Breaſt,
But Prince *Carvilior*. Firſt her Eyes approve,
Forc'd from her Heart at laſt to call it Love.
They love, the Cauſe the ſame, they both adore;
Much do their Perſons charm, their Virtues more.

Long had they both with mutual Anguiſh burn'd,
And unmoleſted Sigh for Sigh return'd.
Now in the Court, now in the lonely Walk,
Pleas'd with the ſweet Varietys of Talk,
Their Vows in Secret they prefer to Fate,
In Life, in Love, to grant an equal Date:
And who ſo bleſs'd, who half ſo bleſs'd, as they?
In Love they fancy all a ſummer Day!

When moſt ſecure of all our Wiſh we ſtand,
Oft' are we caſt upon a barren Land;

For

For cruel Fortune will a Moment find,
A Moment to the Lover's Hopes unkind.

Cingetorix had now their Paſſion ſeen,
He ſcan'd *Carvilior*'s Form, his Air, his Mien;
Much did he ſtrive to count his Virtues o'er,
He found them many; but he found him poor.
It is reſolv'd. In vain our Virtues plead,
And weak their Succour, in the Time of Need.
Th' obdurate Sire forbids his longer Stay,
The Lover drives, without a Look, away.
Soon as he hears the rigid Father's Mind,
The Prince obeys, and leaves his Soul behind.

Baniſh'd the Court, and forc'd from all he loves,
A ſudden Shade he ſeeks the lonely Groves.
To the bleak Plains, wild as his Thoughts, he flys,
And begs the King may ſee with younger Eyes.
He ſhuns all Converſe for the ſilent Bowrs;
And wears away with Grief the lazy Hours.

Now

Now on the Margin of a murm'ring Stream
He ſits all Day, and makes the Nymph his Theme.
Of Health reguardleſs on the Turf he lys,
Loſs'd to all Joy, till Sleep has clos'd his Eyes:
On Beds of Roſes now he ſeems to reſt,
There reigns, *Matilda*, Monarch of thy Breaſt;
All his paſs'd Scenes of Bliſs his Dreams reſtore;
O! kind Deluſion! he's a Wretch no more.
The *Phantom* flys, and leaves him to his Pain;
He wakes, alas! and is a Wretch again.

While thus the Prince his Loſs, *Matilda*, bears,
Counting the Moments each an Age of Cares,
Alike the Fair of adverſe Stars complains,
And for *Carvilior* feels *Carvilior's* Pains.
True to her Love, as conſtant to her Grief,
She feeds on Sorrow, and denys Relief.
To her no more the bright Aſſembly's gay;
Nothing has Charms; and Day no more is Day.

As

As when the Sun bears from our Eyes the Light,
And for a while leaves Half the World in Night,
No more the Roſe in purple Pride is ſeen,
The painted Tulip, nor the Willow green;
So to the Fair all worldly Charms are dead,
Her Sun, that gave the Day, *Carvilior's* fled.

His wiſh'd for Abſence frees from their Deſpair,
The Croud of Lovers that addreſs the Fair;
All hope Advantage from *Carvilior's* Pain,
And all their Vows renew, and all in vain.
With mighty Dowrs ſome ſtrive her Soul to move;
And Crowns are lay'd to be the Snares of Love.
Nor mighty Dowrs, nor Crowns, can change the Dame,
True to her Virtue, and her firſt-born Flame.

At a ſmall Diſtance from the Palace ſtood,
For ſweet Retirement, a convenient Wood;

There would the Princeſs, with her Maids, remove,
To ſhun the Concourſe of deteſted Love.
And now the Damſels crop the woodland Flowrs,
Now tell her tender Tales in fragrant Bowrs;
Now ſecret to the inmoſt Shade they go,
Where a cool Riv'let's ſilver Currents flow;
In which diveſted of the Veil of Dreſs,
Whene'er ſhe blaz'd in modeſt Nakedneſs,
The Sun inamour'd, as Traditions ſay,
Would, gazing on her Charms, prolong the Day.
Hither two Lords, who long, too long, had borne
Thy Frowns, *Matilda*, and of Love the Scorn,
As void of Fear the Nymphs were bathing, came,
And bleſs'd the Hour that ſhould revenge their Shame.
Once jealous Rivals, now with Vengeance fir'd,
They league againſt the Virtues they admir'd.
Behind a Thicket they conceal'd remain,
And view the Goddeſs with her virgin Train;

Her iv'ry Arms, and ſnowy Breaſts, explore,
The Waves forbid it, they can ſee no more.
They doubt, or ſhall they bear the Fair away,
Or act their Horrors in the Face of Day.
The dire Remembrance of their ſlighted Flame,
Their burning Paſſion for the ſcornful Dame,
Their brutal Nature, prone to Rapes, combine
To execute in Haſte the black Deſign.
Quick on the River's Bank each Monſter ſtands,
Fire in their Looks, their Ponyards in their Hands;
No outward Signs their deepeſt Thoughts diſguiſe,
For their dark Souls glare dreadful thro their Eyes.
To hide their naked Charms the Virgins ſtrove,
And their Shrieks echo'd thro the plaintive Grove.
The boding Crys *Carvilior*'s Ears invade,
Who penſive lay beneath a diſtant Shade;
He knew the much lov'd Voice, and from the Ground
Starting, he trembled at the well known Sound;

His Bow, and Quiver, o'er his Arms he threw,
And, wing'd with Love, ſwift as the Winds he flew.
Soon on the Bank he ſtood, a new Surprize!
For poor *Matilda* ſcarce believ'd her Eyes.
Deſiſt, he cry'd aloud, nor touch the Fair;
An unexpected Foe demands your Care.
Then to the Head he drew the barbed Dart,
And found a Paſſage to a Traytor's Heart;
The Villain proſtrate on the Ground he lay'd,
A breathleſs Victim to the virtuous Maid.
To ſhun his Fate by Flight the ſecond ſtrove,
And ſought for Refuge in the ſhady Grove.
The Prince purſues faſt as the Wretch can fly,
Reſolv'd his Vengeance to compleat, or dy.
Mean-while the Damſels to the Shade repair,
Studious to dreſs, and to relieve, the Fair;
With her they Prince *Carvilior's* Fate deplore,
And fear for him, as for themſelves before;
But ſoon their Fears are with their Danger fled,
And now the Nymph uprears her drooping Head;

For lo! the bleſs'd Preſerver of her Fame,
Safe from the Work of Fate, and Juſtice, came.
Quick to his Breaſt he claſp'd the love-ſick Maid,
And thought the Toils he bore were well repayd.
In ſilent Raptures they their Joys reveal,
Which none can well deſcribe, but when they feel.
So ſhall the Soul, if true the Sages ſay,
Mark out her Partner in the laſt great Day;
As great as thoſe met to eternal Eaſe,
Tho not ſo laſting, are the Joys of theſe.

Soon as the good old King the Story hears,
He owns the godlike Act in gen'rous Tears;
A thouſand Sorrows ſwell his lab'ring Breaſt,
To ſee ſuch Virtues by himſelf oppreſs'd.
His royal Griefs confeſs his Senſe of Shame;
And now he hears with Joy *Carvilior*'s Name,
Firmly reſolv'd, impatient of Delay,
Not to defer the marriage Rites a Day:

And that the Tale might e'er be told on Earth,
And ſuch a Pattern of heroic Worth,
To future Ages might be handed down,
He thrice twelve gallant Youths, of high Renown,
Selected Souls, of all the Land the Flowr,
Appointed to adorn the bridal Hour.
They go, conducted by the Man divine,
Full of Devotion to the ſacred Shrine.
Before the Altar to the God they bow;
And make, with Zeal unfeign'd, the ſolemn Vow:
To give, in Time of Need, the wretched Aid;
To guard from brutal Force the ſpotleſs Maid.

And thus, my Lord, the Knights of *Bath* began,
In Honour to the brave and godlike Man;
An Order, ever to *Carvilior*'s Fame,
Which from the Virgins *bathing* took the Name.

Phi-

Philander *and* Cydippe.

A

TALE.

TO THE

Most Honble the MARCHIONESS of

ANNANDALE.

Philander and Cydippe.

A

TALE.

TO THE

Moſt Honble the MARCHIONESS of

ANNANDALE.

Philander *and* Cydippe.

A

TALE.

IN that fair Isle, the Garden of the Main,
Where *Love* extended once his easy Reign,
And where his Queen her Seat of Empire chose,
And to the fabled Goddess Temples rose,
In *Cyprus* liv'd, long since, a virtuous Pair,
The brave *Philander*, and *Cydippe* fair;
Of whom the Muse records the mutual Flame,
The patient Hero, and the constant Dame.

Young Men, and Virgins, to my Tale draw near,
Attend a Song fit for a veſtal Ear;
Approach, ye Parents, who, for ſordid Gain,
Would to deteſted Bands the Fair conſtrain;
Approach, and from *Agenor*'s Story ſee
How curs'd the Nuptials where not Hearts agree:
And Thou, fair ANNANDALE, a-while attend,
Thou ſweet Inſpirer, and the Poet's Friend;
Where Beauty, like thy own, and Virtue ſhine,
Indulge the Muſe, and make the Poem thine.

Two Friends in *Cyprus* liv'd, *Philander* one,
The other *Dion*, rich *Agenor*'s Son;
Their Friendſhip early in their Youth began,
Encreaſing dayly as they roſe to Man;
Their blooming Virtues had to each their Charms,
Young Heros both renown'd in Feats of Arms:
And now the Labours of the Battel end,
Dion, but half alive without his Friend,

Invites

Invites him to his Father's Houſe a Gueſt;
Philander, near the Partner of his Breaſt,
Had all he wiſh'd; each in the other bleſs'd.
Tho in *Philander*'s Heart large *Dion*'s Share,
He was not long without a Rival there.
His Siſter in his Friend has rais'd a Flame,
A Virgin chaſt, and yet a *Cyprian* Dame;
Cydippe, carv'd in ev'ry myrtle Grove,
And call'd the Beauty of the Land of Love.
His Paſſion long the Warrior had conceal'd,
Nor to the Maid herſelf his Mind reveal'd:
The niceſt Thoughts, which Honour could inſpire,
The Lover acts by, and corrects his Fire;
Unjuſt he thinks, ſhould not the Sire approve,
To tempt a virgin Heart by Force of Love.
Her Brother, and his Friend, the beſt, he choſe,
To whom he ſhould the Secret firſt diſcloſe.
With tendereſt Concern the Brother hear'd,
But from his Father's Temper much he fear'd;

Raſh, covetous, and teſty, from his Youth,
And always headſtrong, tho oppos'd by Truth;
His Friend by Nature mild, of gentleſt Kind,
And only rich, there truely rich, in Mind.

Dion, as Prudence taught, *Philander* leaves,
To try the Fair, how ſhe his Love receives.
Cydippe penſive and alone he found,
With her bright Eyes fix'd ſtedfaſt on the Ground;
On her right Hand her roſy Cheek was lay'd,
All in the Poſture of a love-ſick Maid:
Before the Likeneſs of the *Cyprian* Queen,
So thoughtful was the Maid, he ſtood unſeen.
From ev'ry Circumſtance he judg'd her Mind,
And, long before he hear'd, her Caſe divin'd.
He nam'd his Friend, and gently rais'd her Head,
At which a Bluſh of Love her Cheeks o'erſpread:
When of his Viſit he the Cauſe had told,
Theſe Words the Purport of her Mind unfold.
Think you too early I my Heart incline
To Love, forgive me, for the Cauſe is thine;

Oft'

Oft' as I've hear'd you, eager to commend,
Dwell on the Virtues of your abſent Friend,
I wiſh'd, whene'er it was ordain'd by Fate,
I ſhould exchange in Life my virgin State,
Kind Heav'n, in Pity to my Vows, would give
Such Virues to the Man with whom I live;
But ſince *Philander* to our Father came,
I feel the Dawnings of a virgin Flame;
Tho blind to what Degree my Lot is caſt,
I hope my early Love will be my laſt.

The Brother hear'd with Pleaſure, and approv'd,
Each worthy by the other to be lov'd;
Then haſting, firſt his faithful Friend to cheer,
Told him ſhe liſten'd with a willing Ear;
From him in Tranſport to his Sire he ran,
To intercede for the deſerving Man.
He urg'd his Virtues, and his Form divine,
How high deſcended of a noble Line;

In Council wiſe a ſinking Land to ſave,
In War the braveſt, and among the brave.
The Father hear'd; ſilent a while he ſtood,
Smiling within at Virtue, and at Blood:
He, long before reſolv'd, had doom'd the Fair
To proud *Agathocles*, a wealthy Heir;
Whoſe Sire, immenſely rich in Land and Gold,
In Bribes, in Perjury, and Rapine, old,
Had all bequeath'd, when he his Race had run,
To the dear Likeneſs of himſelf his Son.

While *Dion* pleads, and from a Soul ſincere,
The Cauſe of Love, before a Judge ſevere,
The Lovers, conſcious of their mutual Flame,
By Chance, together opportunely came;
Philander view'd her, and approach'd with Awe,
Love preſs'd him on, nor could the Nymph withdraw:
And now the ſoft Exchange of Hearts began,
Betwixt the fair one, and the godlike Man;

The

The Victors both an equal Triumph ſhare,
The conquer'd Hero, and the vanquiſh'd Fair:
When juſt prepar'd, and in Opinion bleſs'd,
(Mortals of Nothing certain till poſſeſs'd!)
To ſeal the virtuous Union with a Kiſs,
A fatal Meſſage interrupts the Bliſs.
Agenor has forbid the Lover's Stay;
Nor for the Friend's Departure grants a Day:
And next for proud *Agathocles* he ſends,
And to his Care the wretched Fair commends.
My future Son, he cry'd, and gave her Hand,
Take this an Earneſt of a ſtricter Band:
Then turning to the Maid, a Parent's Curſe,
Be thine, and more, if Ought on Earth be worſe,
When you refuſe in *Hymen*'s Rites to join
With him thy Father has allotted thine.
He ended thus, and with a Brow ſevere.
The Virgin, aw'd by Duty and by Fear,
Firſt turn'd, and wip'd away the falling Tear,

And then reply'd. To him who gave me Breath,
The Hour my Duty ceaſes, wellcome Death.
The Sire, diſpleas'd not with her Words, retir'd:
The human Brute, who view'd her Charms unfir'd,
By native Dullneſs free from Love's ſoft Powr,
Lik'd, or diſlik'd, according to the Dowr.

While poor *Cydippe*, in the dang'rous State,
To loſe her Love, or meet a Parent's Hate,
Seeks by her Vows, to her diſtracting Grief,
From the fair Goddeſs of the Iſle, Relief,
Dion, in Pity to their virtuous Love,
Himſelf a Brother, and a Friend, to prove,
Contrives their Meeting in a neighb'ring Grove.
He ſtill the happy Moment hopes to find,
To turn to Reaſon old *Agenor*'s Mind;
Or ſhould the Sire perſiſt, he wiſely knew,
To Reaſon only was Obedience due.

The

The Scene to which the faithful Pair retreat,
At a ſmall Diſtance from *Agenor*'s Seat,
With Myrtle, and the fragrant Jeſs'mine, blows,
And ſheds the Sweetneſs of the damaſc Roſe;
And there the Orange, of a golden Hue,
Breathes to the Smell, and glitters to the View;
The Sweets of Vi'lets riſe where'er they rove:
Hence is it call'd the aromatic Grove.
While thro the Boughs the winged Natives fly
Warbling, a ſilver Stream runs murm'ring by.
Hither, with Virtue arm'd, the Lovers came,
To ſigh their mutual and unſpotted Flame;
But they enjoy'd not long the bliſsful State,
By Jealouſy purſued, and envious Hate.

Agathocles felt not of Love the Powr,
But languiſh'd dayly for the promis'd Dowr;
Hence the dire Rancour of his Heart began
To him he fear'd, in Love, the happyer Man.

Spys

Spys he employ'd the Lover's Steps to trace;
Th' appointed Hour he knew, and uſual Place.

In an illfated Day *Philander* led
The virgin Charmer to the Vi'let Bed;
As, former Vows repeated freſh they made,
In Thought ſecure beneath the orange Shade,
An Arrow flew, and from a Hand unſeen,
And crimſon'd with the Lover's Blood the Green.
Cydippe fill'd with Shrieks the neighb'ring Plains,
And gather'd to the Place the Nymphs and Swains;
The Nymphs and Swains around aſtoniſh'd ſtand,
They know the Youth, and curſe the barb'rous Hand:
They know, and much lament, the lovely Pair,
The brave *Philander*, and *Cydippe* fair.
The Hero to their Shed the Swains convey'd,
The Nymphs with Tears ſupport the fainting Maid.
Soon to her Father's Ears the Rumour flys,
That by a Shaft unknown *Philander* dys:

He

He hopes, and, cruel! thence enjoys the Smart,
That Time will raſe his Image from her Heart.

Now of her Fate the wretched Maid complains,
And feels of hopeleſs Love the ſharpeſt Pains;
A thouſand Thoughts againſt her Peace conſpire,
Croud in her Mind, as Fuel feeds the Fire;
The Grove, the orange Shade, the vi'let Bed,
The native Blue now bluſhing ſtain'd with Red:
Now the pale Ghoſt ſcreaming forſakes the Day;
She ſickens at the Thought, and dys away.

Soon as the firſt, the diſmal, Shock was o'er,
And ſhe was ſay'd to live, and ſcarcely more,
Her Sire, affecting now the tender Man,
Thus from the Softneſs of his Heart began.
Daughter, if 'tis your Wiſh that Name ſhould laſt,
Repent, as I forgive, thy Follys paſs'd;

Pre-

Prepare thyſelf, ſince I have fix'd the Hour
When I ſhall wed Thee with an ample Dowr;
Ten Days I grant Thee more, from hence their Date:
I wait no Anſwer; be my Will thy Fate.

Dion, who knew with Grief th' appointed Day,
Advis'd the lovely Mourner to obey,
Till the laſt Moment bad her not deſpair,
But to the Powrs divine prefer the Pray'r;
The Powrs divine her Sorrows might relieve,
Nor unrewarded let her Virtue grieve;
Doubt not, my Fair, he cry'd, an Hour to find
Both to your Virtue, and your Wiſhes, kind.
He ended here, and his Deſign conceal'd;
Better, alas! had he the whole reveal'd:
The Maid, not knowing what his Words intend,
Reſolv'd that Hour ſhould give her Sorrows End.
Fix'd her Reſolves as Fate, ſhe waits the Day,
Nor lets her Looks, till then, her Heart betray:

And

And when the much expected Sun aroſe,
That ſaw the End, *Cydippe*, of thy Woes,
Agathocles appear'd, in all his Pride,
To take Poſſeſſion of the promis'd Bride.
Her Father, Brother, both attend the Maid;
The Nymph proceeds in virgin white array'd.
The Temple old *Agenor*, ſtrange to tell!
To enter thrice aſſay'd, and thrice he fell;
Hence *Dion* would foreſee th' approaching Fate,
And warn his Father e're it was too late;
But all in vain; he will no longer ſtay,
But ſee the Rites perform'd without Delay:
And now the wretched Bride, the conſtant Fair,
Of Hope itſelf bereft, in wild Deſpair,
A Ponyard drew, conceal'd beneath her Veſt,
And, turning to her Father, pierc'd her Breaſt:
The Brother, who already felt the Smart,
The Weapon ſeiz'd before it reach'd her Heart.
Juſt at the Entrance of the Temple ſtand
The brave *Philander* and his armed Band,

To

To bear away, each ſtedfaſt in his Cauſe,
His own by plighted Vows, and nat'ral Laws:
Shrieks echo'd from within, at which he flew
Quick to the Altar, where he bled anew;
The Wound he ſuffer'd from his Rival's Dart
Was ſlight, compar'd to this, that pierc'd his Heart.
As in her Lover's Arms *Cydippe* lay,
Charm'd by his Voice again to view the Day,
In his Deſigns, the ſtupid Bridegroom, foil'd,
Mutt'ring retir'd, as from a Bargain ſpoil'd.
Agenor feels inutterable Woes:
Now his wrong Judgement in the Brute he choſe,
Philander's Virtues, and reported Death,
In which he joy'd, his Child, thought void of Breath,
Accuſe his Soul; his ſilver Locks he tore,
And throw'd his aged Breaſt againſt the Floor:
Deeply he groan'd his laſt, and roſe no more.
The pious Tear the Friend and Brother ſhed,
And, they whom once he wrong'd, bewail'd him dead;

With

With Rev'rence they perform his Obſequys,
And bear their Sorrows as beſeem the wiſe.

Soon as the Maid was from her Wound reſtor'd,
Her all ſhe yielded to her plighted Lord:
Thrice twenty Seaſons bleſs'd the virtuous Pair,
The brave *Philander*, and *Cydippe* fair.

EPISTLES,
ODES,
FABLES, &c.

EPISTLES,

ODES,

FABLES, &c.

EPISTLES,

ODES

FABLES, &c.

TO

Mrs. COLSTON,

On the Death of her only SON.

MADAM, if Mourning, if Exceſs of Grief,
To Thee, or to the Sire, could bring Relief,
If a long Exile from the Face of Joy,
Could from the Duſt redeem the lovely Boy,
My ſtreaming Eyes ſhould the ſad Chorus join,
And I would make thy reſtleſs Anguiſh mine:
Or if my Verſe the great Effect could have,
To charm relentleſs Fate, and bribe the Grave,

I would invoke the God, the Springs would drain,
Till I could bring him to your Arms again;
But ſince we know he ſhares the common Fate
Of all that's good, of all that's wiſe and great,
In vain her Vows to Heav'n the Parent pays;
In vain in Sorrows paſs the tedious Days.
At the Demand of Nature all remove:
Death heeds not Beauty, nor the Crys of Love.
Old Age, experienc'd in a World of Woe,
Bent by the Weight of Years is loth to go,
He always thinks, or hopes, his Race not ran;
But Death, tho long delay'd, confutes the Man.
In blooming Years e'en the dear darling Boy,
Who ſmil'd away thy Cares to inſtant Joy,
The Tyrant's early Summons muſt obey,
And for the darkſome Tomb forſake the Day.
Behold the Flowrs, which vernal Meads adorn,
Open the Bud, and bloſſom to the Morn;
Impending Tempeſts darken all the Sky,
Bleak Winds and Storms enſue, they droop, they dy.

Thus

Thus to a conſtant Courſe is Nature bound;
And takes, perhaps, her everlaſting Round!
'Tis ſhe beyond thy Sex has made Thee fair;
From her thy Pleaſure, and from her thy Care:
To her, whoſe Powr I feel, I make my Pray'r.
Think not great Mind, who Nature does command,
I here forget thy firſt creative Hand.

Parent, to whom our ev'ry Joy we owe,
From whom alone the Poet's Numbers flow,
The Charms of Verſe, whatever Charms they be,
Like Charms of Beauty are deriv'd from Thee.
You form for Conqueſt the angelic Face,
You mold each Feature, and you give each Grace;
You teach the Lover the belov'd to move,
And you alone compoſe the Bed of Love.
Great Parent hear my Vows, nor hear in vain,
For her the lovely'ſt of the lovely'ſt Train:
To her diſtracted Heart apply Relief;
Nor let her Soul complain of future Grief:

Let of their Powr no Tears her Eyes diſarm;
Bright be the Luſter of thoſe Lamps to charm;
On her indulgent may the Seaſons ſmile,
And a new Joy each riſing Care beguile;
Unrival'd may ſhe give her Conſort Reſt,
For ever bleſſing, and for ever bleſs'd.
Her Beautys when the Veil of Time ſhall ſhade,
Her Lillys wither and her Roſes fade,
May ſhe, to grace the Age, and charm Mankind,
Leave the ſweet Image of herſelf behind.

Sept. 1725.

TO

TO
Dr. *WOODWARD*,
ON HIS
PHILOSOPHICAL WRITINGS.

SOME, to enhance a Friend, or Patron's Fame,
Borrow a *Greecian* or a *Roman* Name;
How oft, has *Tully* with ſuch Views been rais'd!
And modern Quacks in *Galen*'s Name been prais'd!
Let Me the juſt and nobler Task purſue,
To give Applauſe to whom Applauſe is due.
Let *Galen Galen*, *Ætius Ætius*, be,
To mention either is to leſſen Thee.

Should Fortune ever dart a kindly Ray,
To crown my Studys with a happyer Day;
Might no intruding Cares my Thoughts moleſt,
And ſhould the Muſe reign ſtronger in my Breaſt,

Thy learned Precepts ſhould my Genius guide,
And thou the Guardian o'er my Song preſide:
Then to the wond'ring World I would diſcloſe,
In Words beyond the feebler Powr of Proſe,
The Wreck of Nature, the prodigious Day,
When adamantine Rocks diſſolv'd away;
Nor ſhould the Muſe the arduous Work decline,
Would'ſt thou aſſiſt the Poet's great Deſign,
Thro unfrequented Paths her Flight to wing,
Where never Muſe before would dare to ſing;
She with the morning Sun ſhould mount the Sky,
And round the Globe in Search of Knowledge fly.
Boldly ſhe would the glorious Work purſue,
And by thy Doctrines trace all Nature thro;
Whence the loud Thunders roar, and Zephyrs blow,
And forked Light'nings fright the World below,
Travel the various Seaſons of the Year,
Deſcribe the great Abyſs, that liquid Sphere,
The Source of Rivers, and whence Fountains riſe,
What drains their Springs, and what their Springs ſupplys,

Whence

Whence Plants receive their vegetable Birth,
And whence the dread Convulſions of the Earth.
Thus ſhould the Muſe at once inſtruct and pleaſe;
But theſe are Subjects for a Mind at Eaſe.

May Heav'n thy Life, great Friend of Arts, prolong,
To find new Subjects for the Poet's Song;
If Ought in Nature yet unknown there be,
From whom can we expect to know but Thee?
'Tis thine, my Friend, her Secrets to explore,
And 'tis from what thou'ſt done we hope for more:
Nor is thy Soul to this one Gift confin'd,
Thy Study's to improve, and bleſs, Mankind.

Thus, Sir, a grateful Muſe her Tribute pays,
Whoſe higheſt Merit is ſhe knows to praiſe;
Where Worth diſtinguiſh'd ſhines the Muſe can ſee,
Who, proud to tell it, views that Worth in Thee.

Jan. 1726.

TO

TO

Mr. *WELSTED*,

On the Death of his only DAUGHTER.

WHILE on the winding Banks of *Thames* I rove,
Or chuſe, for Silence more profound, the Grove,
Or in the flowry Vale inamour'd ſtray,
Where Innocence and Truth direct the Way,
While charm'd ſublimely by the various Scene,
The Muſe propitious, and the Mind ſerene,
What to a Mortal, ſo divinely bleſs'd,
Can ſtrike ſo deeply as a Friend diſtreſs'd!
E'en now dejected I thy Lot deplore;
And the gay Proſpect can delight no more.
In vain to me the gilded Landskips riſe,
While the Tears fall from my *Horatio*'s Eyes.

Well

Well is my Soul for Friendſhip form'd, or Love;
In Conſort to my Friend my Paſſions move.
E'en now the ſovereign Balm, that never fail'd,
That always o'er the heavy Heart prevail'd,
That ever charm'd Me in the mournful Hour,
E'en thy own Lays my Friend have loſs'd their Powr.

O! how I long to let our Sorrows flow,
And mingle, in the tender Strife of Woe!
'Tis done; and lo! the Debt of Nature's pay'd:
Soft ly the Duſt, and happy reſt the Maid!
And now the laſt, the pious, Tear is ſhed,
The unavailing Tribute to the dead,
No longer let thy faithful Friends complain;
See, they demand Thee to themſelves again.
Petronius now allures thy Soul to Eaſe,
A happy Man, by Nature form'd to pleaſe;
Whoſe Virtues well may call *Horatio* Friend;
Whom Love, and Mirth diſpelling Care, attend;

In

In him, to full Perfection met, we ſee
All that the wiſe and gay can wiſh to be;
In the ſad Hour from him I find Relief,
With him forget that I have Cauſe for Grief.
Haſte to enjoy the Hours I've heard you prize,
Thoſe Hours known only to the good and wiſe;
To ſacred Friendſhip be thy Days aſſign'd;
Be to thy-ſelf, and thy Aſſociates, kind:
Or if the Soul, all reſolute in Woe,
Still bids the wakeful Eye of Sorrow flow,
Make Reaſon, the great Guide of Life, thine Aid:
Say, is the Phrenzy grateful to the Maid?
Or could the virgin Shade perceive Thee mourn,
Would She embody'd to thy Arms return?
What ever Cauſe my Friend concludes her Date,
The Courſe of Nature, or the Work of Fate,
Let this the Burden of thy Heart relieve,
'Tis Weakneſs, or Impiety, to grieve.
What tho her Charms might ſavage Rage compoſe,
And vy in Sweetneſs with the *Syrian* Roſe,

What

What tho her Mind beſeem'd her Angel's Face,
Where ev'ry Virtue met, and ev'ry Grace,
Yet think, my Friend, the heavy falling Showr,
Without Diſtinction lays the lovely'ſt Flowr.
Trace ev'ry Age, in ev'ry Age you find
A thouſand weeping Fathers left behind;
The common Lot of all is fall'n to Thee,
What was, what is, and what ſhall always be.
To Duſt reduc'd ſhall thy *Zelinda* ly;
And know thy ſelf, thy dearer ſelf, ſhall dy;
Know this, and ſtop the Fountain of thine Eyes,
Exceſs of Sorrow ill becomes the wiſe.

Auguſt, 1726.

TO

To the right Honourable

The Earl of *PEMBROKE*, at WILTON.

WHILE in the Town I ſpend the tedious Day,
There waſte the cheerful ſummer Suns away,
What diſtant Tracts the ſocial Hour refuſe!
Yet none impervious to the powrful Muſe!
Far northward to the *Humber* ſome repair;
Theſe on the *Medway* breathe the ſouthern Air,
Where ſhady Mountains riſe, and Vales ſubſide,
Along whoſe Banks the liquid Mirrors glide:
While theſe, retiring to the rural Seat,
Seek on the peaceful Plains a bleſs'd Retreat,
To Me the Hours move with a Sluggard's Pace,
For Time not flys, but ſeems to ſlack his Race.

While

While *Wilton* Shades receive my noble Friend,
What grateful Preſent can the Muſes ſend?
Accept, the Language of my Heart, this Song;
No ſervile Flatt'ry ſhall thy Virtues wrong;
Fain by thy Virtues I my Name would raiſe,
And grow, my Lord, immortal in thy Praiſe.

Hail to thoſe Shades where, in our golden Age,
The godlike *Sidney* pen'd the deathleſs Page;
Sidney to Mem'ry dear, and dear to Fame,
Of whom the learned Shades retain the Name. *
Hail to thoſe Shades where now my Genius roves,
Zealous to wait you thro the ſilent Groves:
I view you there with philoſophic Eyes,
In your more boaſted Titles, good and wiſe,
Searching thro Nature all her perfect Laws,
And tracing from th' Effect the ſecret Cauſe:

* *At the Seat of the Earl of* Pembroke *at* Wilton *is a Walk now called by the Name of Sir* Philip Sidney, *who is ſayed to have wrote moſt of his* Arcadia *there.*

And

And here, great Man, another Subject trace,
The Glorys of your own immortal Race,
Worthys who, Ages paſs'd, thoſe Walks have trod,
Who, born in *Greece*, had each been ſtil'd a God.
Your great Forefathers Themes for Wonder give,
Renown'd for ev'ry Excellence they live.
In Council wiſe theſe prov'd their Sov'rign's Pride;
Thoſe bravely ſtem'd of War the raging Tyde:
All human Greatneſs crouds thy glorious Line,
And ev'ry Virtue of thy Race is thine.
Would thoſe celeſtial Gueſts one Look beſtow
On *Wilton*'s Fabric, their Retreat below,
They would confeſs their Joy encreas'd, to ſee
How freſh their Love of Arts ſtill lives in Thee:
There would they view, to beautyfy the Dome,
Proud Ornaments! the Arts of *Greece* and *Rome*:
There, *Niobe*, thy hapleſs Offſprings fall;
The Foreſt waves the Branches on the Wall;
Thick fly the Darts; the Mother makes her Moan,
And ſeems converted to a Stone in Stone;

How

How vain is Pride in the ſad Tale behold,
And by the Sculptor's Hand the Story told.
Sav'd from the greedy Waſte of Time, appears
The rev'rend Buſt of near three thouſand Years;
The Bard of *Aſcra*, whoſe immortal Songs
Engag'd a Country to revenge his Wrongs.
There *Terence* ſtands, Prince of the comic Strain;
And Belles of former Days there charm again:
Poets and Heros there, of diff'rent Climes,
With Beautys meet, all Boaſts of earlyer Times.
O! there, for which each Friend to Virtue prays,
Over thy Head ſmile many cheerful Days;
While there retir'd beneath the grateful Shade,
May no rude Care thy Soul divine invade:
Each Joy be thine that bounteous Nature yields,
And late thy Summons to the happyer Fields.

Auguſt 1727.

To Mr. *D. B.*

WOULD Heav'n propitious to my Vows attend,
You ask what Courſe of Life would pleaſe your Friend.

Bleſs'd with a plenteous Fortune would I live,
Indulging of my Heart the Will to give.

Place Me, O! place Me ſoon, ye guardian Powrs,
Amid the Meads, cool Springs, and ſylvan Bowrs,
Healthful my Body, and my Mind ſerene,
A willing Pris'ner to the rural Scene;
From ſervile Flatt'ry, from Detraction far,
And party Rage, that dire domeſtic War!
Where no unhallow'd Bard grows madly proud
Of the falſe Praiſes of a taſteleſs Croud.

Free

Free from the Eye of Malice let Me rove
Thoughtful from Wild to Wild, from Grove to Grove.
Now on the moſſy Bank, beneath the Shade,
For Hours of Love, or Meditation, made,
To the ſoft Paſſion I my Heart reſign,
And make the long obdurate Maiden mine:
Hence ye prophane, be gone, far hence remove,
Nor liſten, Cens'rers, to the Voice of Love!
Ariſe, my Fair, all cheerful as the Morn,
And let the myrtle Wreath thy Brows adorn!

Now in my Breaſt I feel poetic Fires,
And chant mellifluous what the God inſpires,
Or into Nature for her Secrets pry,
And trace her Workings with a curious Eye.

To mend my Virtues, and exalt my Thought,
What the bright Sons of *Greece* and *Rome* have wrote
I canvaſs o'er; elate with Joy I ſee,
Albion, their Equals all ariſe in Thee;

But as at once the fertile Country breeds
The golden Harveſt, and the rankeſt Weeds,
Among the *Britiſh* Sons of Verſe we find
In *Pope* a *Bavius* and a *Labeo* join'd.

But hold; I think I hear my Friend complain,
And tell Me Satire but pollutes the Strain.
Once more attend, the Caution I obey;
To the ſweet Solitude returns the Lay.

To crown the Bleſſings, now in Thought poſſeſs'd,
There with a Friend like Thee I would be bleſs'd,
What Converſe can, to give Relief inclin'd,
When the dull Blood works Sadneſs to the Mind.
O! what is Life, or what of Wealth the Powr,
Without the Comforts of the ſocial Hour!

If, while in this delightful Calm I'm lay'd;
The groaning Nation ſhould demand my Aid,

Should

Should the fierce Kingdoms rouſe to War again,
And Juſtice call Me to th' embattel'd Plain,
Farewel ye craggy Mountains, fragrant Flowrs,
Ye painted Meads, cool Springs, and ſylvan Bowrs;
Far hence I go to horrid Scenes of Blood,
Where not Ambition calls but public Good;
Whence if my Stars a kind Return deny,
Without Reluctance in the Field I dy:
But ſhould the wiſe Diſpoſer, to compleat
My Wiſh, reſix Me in the bleſs'd Retreat,
There with my Friend I would reſign my Breath,
And cloſe my Eyes, without a Fear, in Death.

June, 1728.

To the Honourable

Lord *GEORGE JOHNSTON.*

TO you, my Lord, whoſe unexperienc'd Days
Have yet preſerv'd You ſafe from venal Praiſe,
This Verſe is due. The moral Lay attend,
And in the Poet prize a uſeful Friend.

Say, noble Youth, while in a State of Eaſe
Your only Care is to be pleas'd and pleaſe,
What darling Subject now your Mind employs,
What Hopes you cheriſh of your future Joys?
Fortune, you ſay, has prov'd a bounteous Dame;
And pompous Titles ſhall adorn your Name;
Your Look e'relong ſhall overawe the proud,
And to your Levee throng the fawning Croud.

The

The Fair, and all your Appetites can crave,
You need but to deſire, deſire and have.
If to Delights like theſe your Heart's inclin'd,
Delights moſt obvious to the ſenſual Mind,
Know your Purſuit of Happyneſs is vain,
And all your Labour is to purchaſe Pain.
Falſe Pride! that loves an humbled Slave to ſee,
That ſcorns, or hates, you while he bows the Knee;
And quickly fading is the Bliſs we place,
And often fatal, in a lovely Face.

Nature your Form has to Perfection wrought,
And bleſs'd you with a happy Caſt of Thought;
In all you ſpeak the Love of Truth appears,
A Genius riſing far above your Years:
To theſe, which truely are your own, we join
The long Deſcent of an illuſtrious Line.
O! Youth belov'd, on whom the kindeſt Ray
Has ſhed an Influence from your natal Day,

Exert the Virtues you diſcloſe ſo ſoon,
Nor let your Morn of Life diſgrace your Noon,
If, when arriv'd to a maturer Age,
Gay Scenes of Folly ſhould your Soul engage,
To check the better Seeds, and ſink your Mind
Beneath the Dignity of human Kind,
In vain you boaſt the Glorys of your Line,
In vain the Fair, who bore you, near divine:
The Honours which your great Forefathers won
Wipe not a Stain from the degen'rate Son.

Now is the Time your Knowledge to encreaſe,
From the rich Stores of antient *Rome* and *Greece*:
Should thoſe immortal Works your Breaſt inſpire,
With a reſiſtleſs Heat, to reach their Fire,
Never be vicious in your Hours of Wit,
Avoid the Rock where *Wilmot*'s Genius ſplit;
Nor Innocence with ſcurril Jokes blaſpheme,
Nor ever wanton with a ſacred Theme;

Methods

Methods like thoſe true Genius will deſpiſe;
Such Men of Wit are never deem'd the wiſe.

When form'd to Man be cautious whom you truſt,
The Knave of Talents, nor the Fool tho juſt:
What from the Frankneſs of your Soul you ſay
The Fool may tattel, and the Knave betray.

In Judgement ripe and fit to aid the State,
To ſhine in Arms, or end the fierce Debate,
On bright Examples ſtedfaſt fix your Eyes,
And emulating them reſolve to riſe.
When *Rome* was great, and her *Auguſtus* young,
Mecænas councell'd, and a *Horace* ſung;
Not leſs thy Pow'r, nor, *Brittain*, leſs thy Fame,
Who o'er thy Counſels boaſt as great a Name;
Like him my Lord, like *Cav'ndiſh* nobly ſtrive
New Arts to cheriſh, and the old revive.
Let *Pembroke*, foremoſt of the Sons of Truth,
To all that's worthy Praiſe direct your Youth;

His

His Life inſtructs you better far to live
Than all the Precepts *Socrates* could give.
Like *Cart'ret*, Glory to his native Iſle,
Be all your Joy to make your Country ſmile;
If, fir'd by Worth like his, you gain a Name
On Merit founded, and the Pride of Fame,
When, be it late, among your Sires you ſleep,
Virtue, and Learning, and the Muſe, ſhall weep.

Nov. 1728.

ODES

ODES.

TO

Mr. M. *in the* COUNTRY.

I.

STRONGLY, dear Friend, paint in thy Mind,
A Wretch, the Remnant of a Wreck,
In Sight of Land, yet, Fate unkind!
By cruel Waves ſtill driven back.

II.

So, in his Schemes, the Poet croſs'd,
When Chance, or Envy, blaſts the Bays,
He, to his taſteleſs Patron loſs'd,
Deſpairs of Profit, or of Praiſe.

III. What

III.

What mighty Plans thy Friend has lay'd,
What golden *Indias* had in View,
Thou know'ſt, and how his Toils are pay'd;
Yet ſtill he dares his Flight renew.

IV.

While thus the Muſe is held in Scorn,
No Suns of Joy to me are known;
But few obſerve the Bard forlorn:
My Griefs I only make my own.

V.

Hard Fate of Souls, who greatly dare,
By adverſe Fortune when oppreſs'd,
To force a Smile, and ſtifle Care:
Foes to themſelves the more diſtreſs'd!

VI. *Does*

VI.

Does Heav'n no joyous Minutes ſend?
No Balm to all thy Sorrows give?
Yes, I have Hours of Bliſs, my Friend,
In which I more than ſeem to live.

VII.

When *Welſted*, envy'd Bard divine,
And *Hammond*, glad'ning as the Day,
(Long may they live, thy Friends and mine,)
Conſpire to chaſe the Clouds away.

VIII.

The Hours to Friendſhip ſet apart,
In which the Wretch his Comfort finds,
Relieve the Burden of the Heart:
True Source of Joy to noble Minds!

IX. But,

IX.

But, like the golden Dreams of Love,
Too ſwift thoſe happy Moments flow:
Then, in my Round, again I rove
Thro a long Interval of Woe.

X.

While thus I grapple with my Fate,
Theſe tender Thoughts of Friendſhip pleaſe:
Methinks I view Thee in a State,
Where Nothing interrupts thine Eaſe.

XI.

Or wand'ring in the woodland Glade,
Or by the painted Meadow's Stream,
Or lay'd beneath the cooling Shade,
You make the tender Nymph your Theme.

XII.

Indulge, my Friend, thy modeſt Vein,
While all the Joys of *May* inſpire;
Proſpects, gay ſmiling, aid the Strain,
Scenes all propitious to the Lyre!

XIII.

Enjoy, my Friend, thy happy Lot,
The Monarch of a peaceful Mind;
And I am bleſs'd, my Cares forgot,
While thou art true, and *Nanny* kind.

May, 1725.

To

To Phillis.

O! behold in yonder Bowr
Of the Flowrs the ſweeteſt Flowr;
Slumb'ring ſits the heav'nly Maid,
In her virgin White array'd;
See the Hope of ev'ry Swain,
Roſe and Lilly of the Plain.
E're ſhe wakes the Danger fly;
Phillis murders with her Eye:
Who could backward turn his Feet?
Who from Paradiſe retreat?
Where ſhall I her Praiſe begin?
With the ſoftly dimpled Chin,
With the Bows her Eyes above,
Or her Breaſt the Throne of Love,
Or her Lips? Thoſe Lips I meet:
Heart, was ever Kiſs ſo ſweet!

Lo the gentle Slumber's fled;
And the Nymph uprears her Head.
Faireſt, of my Heart the Queen,
Let thy Smiles improve the Scene.
Phillis, oft' I've beg'd in vain
At thy Feet to ſigh my Pain;
Slight no more the tender Vow;
Hear Me, Virgin, hear Me now.
Lowly thus to Thee I fall;
Take my Heart, O! take Me all!
Bleſs'd the Hand, thrice bleſs'd the Fair,
Who has rais'd Me from Deſpair!
On thy Boſom let me reſt,
Take Me, *Phillis*, to thy Breaſt!
Take, O! *George*, the Land and Main;
Here alone I wiſh to reign.
Thus *Anacreon*, ever gay,
Lov'd, and paſs'd his Life away;
To the Fair his Lyre he ſtrung;
Thus he lov'd, but ſweeter ſung.

To the SAME.

SEE the Lilly hang her Head;
See the rich Carnation dead;
Turn, and see thy much lov'd Rose
Drop to ev'ry Gale that blows;
See their leaffy Honours round
Unreguarded strew the Ground.
Does my lovely *Phillis* sigh?
Hangs the Pearl upon her Eye?
Thus my Charmer must thou be
When thou'st left the Day and Me.
With the Bays my Temples cover;
Crown thy fond romantic Lover:
Hither come beneath the Shade
Of the Leaves which never fade.
Swim thine Eyes, and heaves thy Breast?
Phillis is inclin'd to Rest.

To the SAME.

O'ER the Lawn my *Phillis* flys
Where her panting Lover lys;
Hither fair one haſte away;
Let Me chide thy Minute's Stay.
Lay Thee *Phillis* by my Side;
Give me what the Gods provide.
Hear the billing Turtles coo;
Like the Turtles let Us woo.
Does my lovely *Phillis* tremble?
Now in vain thou may'ſt diſſemble;
From the Kiſs is all thy Anguiſh,
See Me, *Phillis*; ſee, I languiſh;
Let Us kiſs, and kiſs again;
Great the Pleaſure from the Pain!
Phillis, O! the Shade befriends Us!
And here Love Himſelf attends Us!
Nymph no longer cloſe thine Eyes;
Gentle *Phillis* let Us riſe.

To the SAME.

SEE the Lilly hang her Head;
See the rich Carnation dead;
Turn, and ſee thy much lov'd Roſe
Drop to ev'ry Gale that blows;
See their leaffy Honours round
Unreguarded ſtrew the Ground.
Does my lovely *Phillis* ſigh?
Hangs the Pearl upon her Eye?
Thus my Charmer muſt thou be
When thou'ſt left the Day and Me.
With the Bays my Temples cover;
Crown thy fond romantic Lover:
Hither come beneath the Shade
Of the Leaves which never fade.
Swim thine Eyes, and heaves thy Breaſt?
Phillis is inclin'd to Reſt.

To the SAME.

O'ER the Lawn my *Phillis* flys
Where her panting Lover lys;
Hither fair one haſte away;
Let Me chide thy Minute's Stay.
Lay Thee *Phillis* by my Side;
Give me what the Gods provide.
Hear the billing Turtles coo;
Like the Turtles let Us woo.
Does my lovely *Phillis* tremble?
Now in vain thou may'ſt diſſemble;
From the Kiſs is all thy Anguiſh,
See Me, *Phillis*; ſee, I languiſh;
Let Us kiſs, and kiſs again;
Great the Pleaſure from the Pain!
Phillis, O! the Shade befriends Us!
And here Love Himſelf attends Us!
Nymph no longer cloſe thine Eyes;
Gentle *Phillis* let Us riſe.

To the SAME.

BEAR the flowing Bowl away;
Break the Lyre; and ceaſe the Lay:
My belov'd is gone aſtray.
Shew me to the happyer Swain,
That Revenge may eaſe my Pain:
Thence in vain I ſeek Redreſs;
What could Youth and Paſſion leſs?
He that dares oppoſe her Eyes;
Either vanquiſhes or dys;
Therefore who the Youth can blame?
I Myſelf had done the ſame.
Cruel *Phillis* I accuſe,
Once my *Love*, and once my Muſe.
Call to Mind the Vows you made,
On the Bank beneath the Shade!

When

When you ſwore by ev'ry Powr
In the fond ecſtatic Hour.
What can Oaths of Women bind
Phillis fickle as the Wind?
Phillis thou art free to range,
Free to love, and free to change.
I before had Thee betray'd,
Had I found a fairer Maid.

To the SAME.

RAVING now I ſeek my Bed,
Whence Content and Sleep are fled;
If by chance I cloſe my Eyes,
Phillis ſtill before Me flys.
See in Dalliance ſoft they play;
From his Arms ſhe breaks away;
See the faithleſs Dame purſued,
Willing ſoon to be ſubdued;
See, ſhe acts the well known Part,
Gives her Hand, and then her Heart:
Poyſon to my Sight! ſhe flings
At my Breaſt a thouſand Stings.
Flys the Dream that caus'd my Pains;
But the Torture ſtill remains.

To the SAME.

PHILLIS from this Hour adieu,
Fair no more, no longer true;
I my wandring Heart recall;
Take my Vows I quit them all:
Henceforth thou no more ſhalt be
Than a vulgar Maid to Me.
Phillis from this Hour adieu,
Fair no more, no longer true.
Why ſhould I, preſumptuous Swain,
Dare to cheriſh Hopes ſo vain,
That the Heav'ns would hear my Pray'r
For a Love as chaſte as fair.
Phillis thou haſt prov'd no more
Than a thouſand Belles before
Have to Men who them believ'd,
Plighted Vows, and then deceiv'd.

Such was *Delia* to *Tibullus*,
Lesbia such to fond *Catullus*.
Horace, sacred Bard, complains
Of the Sex, and slighted Pains.
Phillis thou art free to rove
As the Natives of the Grove:
From this Moment, Nymph, adieu,
Fair no more, no longer true.

To the SAME.

I.

WHILE, *Phillis*, on thy Charms I gaze,
My Soul is all Desire;
Who can oppose so bright a Blaze,
Secure his Heart from Fire!

II.

While thoughtful of the perjur'd Maid
Fair *Phillis* I despise,
Nor longer fear, by her betray'd,
The Tyrants in her Eyes:

III.

But when I meet the faithless Dame
My Soul is all Desire;
So weak my Vows, I catch the Flame,
And in a Blaze expire.

To

To Celia.

I.

CELIA, boasted Child of Beauty,
Ambitious of a spotless Name,
Mindful of her humble Duty,
Avoids the common Road to Fame.

II.

Florio, of his Apparel vain,
Labours to charm th' unwary Eye;
While *Celia* views him with Disdain,
For her a Croud of *Florios* dy.

Fond

III.

Fond *Dapperwit*, to win the Fair,
Attempts the Powr of Love to ſing,
While ſhe condemns to long Deſpair
The flut'ring and the rhyming Thing.

IV.

Alike offenſive to the wiſe,
The empty Fop, the barren Lays,
With Juſtice, *Celia*, you deſpiſe;
When they accuſe You moſt they praiſe.

To MELISSA.

AS on a Bank where Vi'lets blow,
The Shade above, a Stream below,
The Stream below, the Shade above,
Soft murm'ring to a Dream of Love,
I lay, a Nymph of heav'nly Mien,
With Voice divine, and Look ſerene,
Began; is this the Way to Fame,
And think you thus to raiſe a Name?
While here in lazy Eaſe you ly,
The Muſes all neglected by?
No longer keep the Lyre unſtrung,
Nor let *Meliſſa* live unſung:
Meliſſa, Glory of the Plains,
The envy'd Charmer of the Swains;
All ſpotleſs as the falling Snows,
Whoſe Breath is ſweeter than the Roſe;

Let

Let chaſt *Meliſſa* fill your Lays,
Become immortal in her Praiſe!
But if the Fair you never ſaw,
Fancy her here; begin and draw.
She ſpoke, and, by her Air and Mien,
Confeſs'd herſelf the *Cyprian* Queen.

To the SAME.

I.

THO now with Eyes of Love I gaze,
And on thy Charms refine,
Not of thy Beauty all the Blaze
Can ever fix Me thine.

II.

Tho now I hear, with Tranſport hear,
The Muſic of thy Voice,
'Tis not th' enchanting Tongue my dear,
Can make Me bleſs my Choice.

III.

Let Honour of thy Sex the Pride,
Spotleſs preſerve thy Mind,
To all chaſt as the Nymph untry'd,
Or, lo! my Vows are Wind.

SYLVIA

SYLVIA.

I.

I *Sylvia* priz'd as Lillys fair,
All fragrant as the morning Air,
And ſweeter than the Lark her Voice.
With Eaſe ſhe could my Cares beguile;
A Word, a tender Look, or Smile,
Would make the gloomy Soul rejoice.

II.

When on her Breaſts, expanded white,
Heaving luxuriant with Delight,
I fondly laid my loveſick Head,
The Roſes ſhed their Sweets around,
And Vi'lets breathing from the Ground
Compos'd the aromatic Bed.

Beneath

III.

Beneath the grateful Shade I ly,
Hid almoſt from the Sun's great Eye;
Protect me all ye Powrs above!
O! keep Me, ever fix Me, here,
Where Nothing can create a Fear,
Where all is Softneſs, all is Love!

IV.

Thus in the Eeſtacy of Bliſs,
Juſt from the heart-diſſolving Kiſs,
I pray'd, alas! a heedleſs Swain;
For to that joyous fatal Hour,
(Was Poyſon in ſo ſweet a Flowr?)
Succeeded Days on Days of Pain.

V.

The Sailor ſo, with gladſome Eye,
Th' unruffel'd Main, and azure Sky,

Views,

Views, while the Winds propitious blow;
Forward to ſteers, with Look ſerene,
Till, bulging on a Rock unſeen,
Appears a ſudden Face of Woe.

VI.

Henceforth, unwary Youth, beware,
Nor make ſuch fleeting Joys your Care;
Let Virtue ever be your Guard:
Pleaſures adieu, whoſe Fruits are Pain,
For Sages have not taught in vain,
That Virtue is her own Reward.

FABLES.

The ROSE *and the* LILLY.

ON *Thames*, where ſome fair *Eden* blows,
Betwixt the Lilly and the Roſe
Thus the Diſpute, from Pride, began,
Which blooms the lovely'ſt Flowr to Man.

Vain Roſe, the Lilly cry'd, forbear
With mine your Beautys to compare.
The Poet, in his am'rous Strain,
To render his *Meliſſa* vain,
Calls her the Lilly of the Vale
More fragrant than an eaſtern Gale;
The Tears, with which her Eyelids ſwell,
Are Dewdrops on the Lillybell.

Princes,

Princes, in their Attire, muſt yield
To the fair Lilly of the Field;
They ſhine by Art in Purple dreſs'd,
I in my native candid Veſt.
Therefore, preſuming Roſe, forbear
With mine your Beautys to compare.

The Roſe exerted thus her Powr,
In Anſwer to th' inſulting Flowr.

All you have ſay'd I grant is true,
Now hear what to the Roſe is due.
What Poet in the Verſe of Praiſe,
To grace his Miſtreſs, and his Lays,
(Look o'er the Bards of *Greece* and *Rome*.)
Bids on the Cheek no Roſes bloom?
While Zephyr unreguarded blows,
She breathes the Sweetneſs of the Roſe.
The vernal Gales, which round Me play,
Fly loaded with my Sweets away.

When were your Leaves, proud Lilly, lay'd
In the ſoft Boſom of the Maid?
Hence know my Worth, and hence forbear
With mine your Beautys to compare.

Th' enliv'ning Sun his Beams withdrew;
The Roſe and Lilly chang'd their Hue:
Faſt fell the fatal heavy Showr,
And lay'd in Duſt each haughty Flowr.

Hence lovely Maid, dear *Celia*, learn,
And *Cloe* hence this Truth diſcern;
Ye are but what the Fable ſhows,
The Lilly one, and one the Roſe.
What Beautys in Oblivion ly,
Who charm'd like you the wond'ring Eye!
Helen, a fav'rite Child of Fame,
And *Lucreece* chaſt, is but a Name.
Dear Charmers hence your Fate ye ſee:
Such *Celia*, ſuch muſt *Cloe* be.

The Ass.

ONE Holyday, as *Æſop* ſays,
For Aſſes have their Holydays,
A worthleſs Creature of his Kind,
With all the Vices of the Mind,
A peeviſh, kicking, idle, Elf,
That hated all above Himſelf,
Who by his Maſter well was fed,
Yet grudg'd his fellow Slaves their Bread,
Was ſaunt'ring by the woodland Side,
And found by Chance a Lion's Hyde:
The Shadow of the kingly Beaſt
Renew'd the Envy of his Breaſt;
And, when from Head to Tail ſurvey'd,
Thus, pricking up his Ears, he ſay'd,
For once, it ne'er may be again,
An Aſs ſhall lord it o'er the Plain.

Then ſoon, elate with aukward Pride,
He cas'd him in the ſhaggy Hyde.
A-while he round the Foreſt ſtray'd,
And there a-while the Tyrant play'd.
The humble Wretches of his Reign
All ſaw, and trembled at, his Mane.
The Fox, allow'd a ſubtle Creature,
Well view'd him o'er in ev'ry Feature,
Suſpecting, as he prov'd indeed,
He was not of the royal Breed;
Where'er he goes he cloſely ſteals,
A dang'rous Spy, behind his Heels.
Once on a Day, a luckleſs Day,
As on the Watch ſly Reynard lay,
His Majeſty Himſelf betray'd,
Who ſtriv'd to roar, and only bray'd:
Ha! ha! quoth he, my Liege, thus low
I pay the Homage that I owe;
Your Subjects all ſhall do the ſame.
At this Alarm of Reynard came,

Some

Some Foes before, united there,
The Bull, the Tyger, and the Bear;
The Prince, once Object of their Dread,
They make their Jeſt from Tail to Head.
They ſeiz'd him by his Aſs's Ears,
And rid the Nation of their Fears,
Shamefully driv'd him from the Plain,
And ended thus his Aſsſhip's Reign.

Pray which Way is your Fable leaning?
Says *Len*, who always loves a Meaning.
Suppoſe a Bard by Numbers rais'd,
By many read, and falſely prais'd,
Who always might have liv'd at Eaſe,
Had he but only ſtriv'd to pleaſe,
And never, like the Aſs unwiſe,
Shew'd his Deſire to tyrannize.
The Fox is he who, by his Powr,
Dethron'd this Idol of an Hour,
Open'd of Ignorance the Eyes,
And ſhew'd Men what they ſhould deſpiſe.

The LARK.

THE gaudy Peacock, and the gloſſy Dove,
The Bird of *Juno*, and the Queen of Love,
Met in that Seaſon, at the Dawn of Day,
When Nature ſmiles, and all the Fields are gay.
Sure, ſays Sir *Plume*, you'll never ſtrive again
To vy with Me, when you behold my Train;
When you the Beautys of my Perſon ſee,
Envy, but never more contend with Me.
What but my Charms procur'd Me the Eſteem
Of aweful *Juno*, of her Sex ſupreme?
Shall it be ſay'd, that *Turturrellus* ſtrove
With Me, Attendant on the Wife of *Jove*?
Hence, ſays the Bird of *Venus*, Boaſter fly;
And with thy Fool's Coat charm th' ill-judging Eye.
Me Men, and Gods, with Admiration view,
Plain, unaffected, with my gloſſy Hue.

No

No ſcreaming Voice is mine; my gentle Coo
Inſtructs the faithful Lover how to woo.
Theſe are the Merits of the courtly Dove,
Of Me, Attendant on the Queen of Love.
Juſt as Sir *Plume* began his ſharp Reply,
They both receiv'd a Summons from the Sky.
The Goddeſſes, prepar'd to journey far,
Each call'd her Birds to harneſs to the Car.
Not one his Flight a Moment dares delay,
But to his Office each directs his Way.
Juſt by a Lark, couch'd in his humble Neſt,
Betwixt the Courtiers heard, the fierce Conteſt,
O! Gods, he cry'd, on what was this Debate,
But who is firſt among the Slaves of State?
Here be my Dwelling on this native Sod,
Free from Subjection to a Tyrant's Nod.
Here to the Sons of Pride I live unknown,
Lord of Myſelf, and all theſe Fields my own.
Dayly I ſtrive to make my Friends rejoice,
And cheer my Neighbours, with my grateful Voice;

And ev'ry Morn my Tribute firſt I pay
To whom I owe my all, the God of Day.
He ended here, and from his Neſt begun,
With his beſt Note, to greet the riſing Sun.

Thrice happy is the Man whoſe envy'd State
From Pride ſecludes him, and the Fool's Debate;
Contented he enjoys what Nature yields,
And inambitious plows his native Fields;
Juſt to the rich, and gen'rous to the poor,
He open keeps his hoſpitable Door;
Whoſe well paſs'd Days, without a Tear defy
The Hate or Malice of the ſharpeſt Eye.

LOVE *and* OLD AGE.

SATIRE. I.

NO more, Meliſſa, *'tis too much to ſee.*
What, not a Bluſh, and this Reproof
from me?
O! where is all our antient Virtue fled!
What, at it ſtill? Not mind a Word I've ſay'd!
Theſe wanton Airs ſhall not nncenſur'd paſs:
Bear hence the Idol, or I'll break the Glaſs.

Thus rav'd *Canidia*, as the lovely Fair
Made the Poſition of a Patch her Care.
No ſooner had the Nymph juſt ſtep'd aſide,
But from the Box, her Magazine of Pride,

A thou-

A thouſand Implements the Table ſpread;
Teeth, Eyes, the Perfume, and the liquid Red.
With paralytic Hands ſhe pulls the Caul
From Head as naked as the Billiard-ball;
But ſee the Metamorphoſe of an Hour;
Her Forehead riſes in a nutbrown Towr;
Her Cheeks are fluſh'd with a vermilion Dy;
And her Teeth ſhine of poliſh'd Ivory.
To whom, or what, is this Devotion pay'd?
All to the Luſt of Youth, and Maſquerade.
Behold *Canidia* with *Meliſſa* ſtrive,
Soft tripping in the Bloom of Sixty-five;
Some unexperienc'd Fool her Eyes explore,
Juſt come to practice what he'd hear'd before;
Raw to the Town, and weary of his Wife,
He ſeeks the Pleaſures of a rakiſh Life;
Him, by a forc'd Coquettry, ſhe decoys
To be the Partner of her private Joys;
And the next Day the virtuous Maid reproves,
Reading *Lavinia* fair and *Acon*'s Loves.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd *Gallus* ſmil'd, hearing the Story told,
Gallus himſelf both impotent and old:
The Pride of Courts he ſhin'd in former Days,
Know'd well to give, and know'd to merit, Praiſe,
The Depths of Senates and Intrigues could ſcan;
And him the Women call'd *a Woman's Man:*
But why will *Gallus* againſt Nature ſtrive
To keep the Flame, without the Powr, alive?
Have you not ſeen upon a burning Plain
Some glowing Embers of a Fire remain,
Which, without Matter, muſt inactive be?
Believe me, *Gallus*, 'tis the ſame with Thee:
Think therefore when you jeer the wanton Dame,
As feeble is thy Powr, alike thy Flame.

SATIRE. II.

WHEN youthful Paſſion firſt aſſumes the Rein,
And grows predominant in ev'ry Vein,
Our dayly Fancys, and our nightly Dreams,
Are full of ſhady Groves and purling Streams;
Various Ideas all our Thoughts employ;
And firſt we revel in romantic Joy.
Nature grows fiercer as the Blood boils high,
Then on to more ſubſtantial Bliſs we fly;
From Fair to Fair in Search of Prey we range,
Conſtant to Nothing but the Luſt of Change:
Thus on we rove while our Deſires are ſtrong,
Till ſad Experience tells us we are wrong.
How weak the Efforts of our Reaſon prove,
When all the Soul is but a Flame of Love!

But

But what Allurements can the Soul betray
When the Blood only ſerves to warm the Clay?
Why will, in vain, the hoary Matron ſtrive
To vy in Dreſs with Belles of Twenty-five?
When ſev'nty Years have furrow'd o'er her Face,
With all the Symptoms of a finiſh'd Race,
In vain with White ſhe would confound the Grey;
Death will not be deceiv'd, nor give a Day.
Why all theſe Pains the wrinkled Brow to hide?
We thro the Mask can ſee the needleſs Pride.
No more frequent the Mall, the Box, the Ball,
Thou art *memento mori* to them all.

WILL. SOMERS.

WHEN the eighth *Henry* rul'd with iron Sway,
And taught his Wives and Subjects to obey,
When Conclaves prov'd in vain fam'd *Tudor*'s Foes,
The Temples totter'd, and *Will. Somers* roſe;
A ſhort ſquad Figure, with a wadling Pace,
Quick Eyes, large Noſe, and almoſt round his Face,
Thick were his Lips, and double was his Chin;
Now grave, now merry with a ſimple Grin.

Much in the *Inns of Court* he lov'd to dwell,
And tippled with the Clerks * of *Clerkenwell*;
He laugh'd, and learn'd their Jokes, what Jokes they had;
And Quarterquibbles made his Heart right glad.

* *In the Reign of* Henry *the 8th Plays were acted by the Clerks of* Clerkenwell.

Among

Among the Wits our Hero gain'd a Place;
Such were the Merits of his drolling Face!
They hear'd him talk, and chuckle to his Fill,
And never fail'd to join the Laugh with *Will*;
Pleas'd he the Laugh prolong'd, the Laughers bleſs'd,
Nor ſaw himſelf the Jeſter and the Jeſt.

Once in a Fit cry'd the facetious Wight,
None can well be a Wit that cannot write.
Then from the mould'ring Page he cull'd the Flow'r
Of *Chaucer*, *Lydgate*, learned *More*, and *Gow'r*.
Will lov'd his Country and diſdain'd to roam
For Learning farther than his native Home.
In Thought he riſes as the greateſt great,
And ſcribbles Poems, and Eſſays of State;
Which rais'd him, by Degrees, to ſuch Renown,
His Name was known to ev'ry Wit in Town!
So his Diſcendants wiſe provide their Stock
From *Dryden*, *Temple*, *Addiſon*, and *Locke*.

Will now frequents the Court, where, with Delight,
The King obſerv'd ſo new, ſo odd, a Sight,
And when inform'd in what he plac'd his skill,
He was reſolv'd to crack a Joke with *Will.*
Each Face, he cry'd, in this bright Round ſurvey;
And anſwer what I ask without Delay.
Of Cheats who ſeems the greateſt in the Ring?
Will look'd about, and ſay'd, God ſave the King.
Henceforth the Monarch took him to his Court,
Grac'd with a Penſion, for his royal Sport.
Will bow'd; the Courtiers ſmil'd; and with a Grin
Will inly mumbled let thoſe laugh who win.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

To PENELOPE.

IF Eyes which from a pious Sorrow flow,
If Virtue ſtruggling thro a Length of Woe,
Are Objects to demand a gen'rous Tear,
Who, *Britons*, ſhall deny the Tribute here?

This Night our Bard on *Homer* builds his Fame;
Who is not aw'd at that immortal Name!
Our Scenes, in all the Pomp of Grief, diſcloſe
A Matron chaſt, a Man of wond'rous Woes,
A Hero doom'd to change, when ſcarcely wed,
For the rough Trade of War the bridal Bed,
Thro various Lands, and Men unknown, to roam,
Far from his ſole Delight, and native Home
From Perils great, hard Lot! to greater toſs'd,
Twenty long Years by adverſe Fortune croſs'd;

Yet ſee Him great above Afflictions riſe,
The Admiration of the brave and wiſe!

O! ye bright Stars of Love, ye virtuous Fair,
When ye behold our widow'd Wife deſpair,
When ye behold her charming in Diſtreſs,
All beauteous in her Negligence of Dreſs,
Let a ſoft Tear a-down your Roſes ſteal,
To ſhew us what by Sympathy ye feel.

The Time was once, the Poet's happyer Days,
When ev'ry Breaſt in Sighs confeſs'd his Praiſe.
We want not living Chronicles to tell,
When *Belvedira* dy'd, and *Jaffeir* fell,
How Hearts of Heros melted with Applauſe,
And ſofteſt Boſoms heav'd in *Jaffeir*'s Cauſe.
The preſent Taſte for Farce we would controul,
Aud to kind Pity mould the gen'rous Soul.

When, Picture of Diſtreſs, our Dame appears,
Her Treſſes looſe, her Eyes bedew'd with Tears,
Learn, O! ye Fair, learn from our virtuous Wife,
How to ſupport with Fame a widow'd Life.

PROLOGUE.

Spoke on opening the new Theatre in the Haymarket *with* DRYDEN's Spaniſh Friar.

STUDIOUS to pleaſe, but with a conſcious Fear,
A Rev'rence due to the bright Circle here,
From long ſucceſsful Farce we dare to ſtray,
And open to politer Scenes the Way.

Young to the Stage, by Emulation fir'd,
What can we not if by your ſmiles inſpir'd?
Here youthful *Ammon* ſhall command the Ball,
And mighty *Julius* here lamented fall;
Vanoc ſhall rage, and, crown'd with your Applauſe,
Cato preſcribe his little Senate Laws.

Monimia wrong'd the tender Soul ſhall move,
And *Anthony* well loſe the World for Love.
In lighter Scenes the comic Muſe ſhall play,
With drolling *Falſtaffe*, and Sir *Fopling* gay.
Gomez ſhall curſe his irkſome Hours of Life,
Plagu'd with a Soldier, Friar, and a Wife.

Britons once more reſume the Taſte ye boaſt,
Nor vex with cold Neglect great *Dryden*'s Ghoſt.
Take Us, O! take Us, to your foſt'ring Care,
Our Pride ſhall be to pleaſe the brave and fair.

EPI-

EPIGRAMS.

To PHILLIS.

HOW have I prais'd thy Cheeks where Roſes blow!

~~How dwell'd with Wonder on thy ſable Bow!~~

How have I, well thou know'ſt, fatigu'd my Eyes

On the dear Lips where Coral ſeem'd to riſe!

What Sighs I gave Thee at the parting Look,

And fond the Work of Art for Nature took!

The Charm is ended: I my Heart command,

And when I praiſe Thee next ſhall praiſe thy Hand.

To the SAME.

PHILLIS no longer ask Me with Surprise,
Why now I view Thee with indiff'rent Eyes.
False Worship long with Rapture I have pay'd,
And idoliz'd Thee in a painted Maid;
But I no more prefer of Love the Vow,
Nor to the Idol of an Idol bow.

To the SAME.

TO You, while in your native Charms you shin'd,
I first the Title of my Heart resign'd;
But you, more strongly to confirm your Powr,
Sought Help from Art in an illfated Hour.
You the fair Cheek with Roses forc'd to vy,
And stain'd the Eyebrow with a sabler Dy,
That Moment, *Phillis*, thy Deceit was known
You loss'd, by Art, what Nature made your own.

THE

THE BATTEL OF THE POETS.

In two CANTOS.

THE BATTEL OF THE POETS.

In two CANTOS.

THE PREFACE.

ABOUT four Years since I published a Poem under the same Title with this; which is all the Resemblance each has to the other, except some Lines the same in both, all which are not eighty.

I was induced to the writing this by a Reflection on the Conduct of a Person who, with but a small Share of Learning and moderate natural Endowments, has, by concurring and uncommon Accidents, acquired as great a Reputation as the most learned with an exalted Genius could ever hope. We

may

may reasonably imagine that such an Extravagance of good Fortune, ill bestowed, will always end in the Favourite discovering his own Folly and vain Insolence. Such is the present Case of the Author of the Dunciad *who, possessed of what Poets most pursue, and what his most lavish Hopes could indulge Him in, has at last convinced the thinking Part of his Admirers that he has no Title to the Praise which he has had. I am almost certain, had he not afforded this Opportunity to judge of him, his Date of Fame would have ended soon after the Lives of those who were resolved, against Reason, to oppose him to superior Merit.*

If flushed with his Success, and deceived into a Belief of his having this extraordinary Desert, such a Person should, without Bounds, transgress all the Rules of Decency and good Sense, it becomes almost a Duty in every one, who has the Power, to endeavour to draw Mankind from their Prejudices, and, if possible, to make him sensible how undeserving he has been of the Applause which he has

gained

gained, and how indiſcreet to have forfeited all by attacking a Number of Men, ſome of which are the moſt ſhining Ornaments of the Age.

The Dunciad *is not only groſs and ſcurrilous, but ſo monſtrouſly fooliſh in the Conception and Execution of the whole, that we may immediately ſee it could not be the Work of a reaſonable Man. Almoſt every Reader knows that Libertys are allowable in Poetry which are not in Proſe; but when we find, in any Piece, a confuſion of Figures, and evident Contradictions to Senſe, with a Profuſion of Words which mean Nothing, or what they ought not to mean, direct Calumnys, Lewdneſs, and Prophaneneſs, and without Wit or Humour, we muſt conclude the Author not perfect in his Senſes, and of an evil Diſpoſition.*

Little is ſayed in the Dunciad, *and Nothing juſtly, by which the Reader can form any Notion of the Merit of the Writings of any of the Authors who are Subjects of that wonderful Satire. I ſhall inſtance here what could*

could not with Propriety come into my Remarks as they ſtand in my Poem. In what does the Sermon of the preſent Biſhop of Salisbury *ſuffer, a Sermon which gave Birth to a long and learned Controverſy which proved much to the Honour of that Prelate, from what the Poet ſays of it? He ſurely forgets, when he makes the Judges ſleep over it, how long it keeped the whole Kingdom awake.*

What I have more obſerved on the Dunciad *I have inſerted in the few Notes to the following Poem; in which I have confined Myſelf entirely to the Writings of Men, without idly reflecting on their Perſons, or diſhonourably on their Circumſtances and Morals; all which the Author of the* Dunciad *is impertinently guilty of. If I have accuſed any of Immoralitys they are ſuch as appear in their Writings; and what I have ſayed in the Character of the Spy, in the ſecond Canto, is no more than is juſtifyable in the Battel of the Poets, ſince all*

that

that is ſayed, to my Knowledge, is ſuitable to the Perſon.

Before I conclude I ſhall adviſe the Author of the Dunciad *not vainly and ridiculouſly to fancy himſelf another* Dryden *ſet upon by other* Settles; *for I doubt not, from the Alteration of Opinion which I diſcover in many who were once well inclined towards him, that he will live to ſee himſelf an Example of the Truth of this Maxim, which he has advanced in the Preface to his Poems.* When real Merit is wanting, it avails Nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the Publick in general.

January, 1729.

THE

The PREFACE.

THE BATTEL *of the* POETS.

CANTO I.

THE bloodleſs Warfare, and the dreadful Day
To Bards tenacious of the dying Lay,
The happy few who back with Conqueſt came,
The penſive many who return'd with Shame,
I ſing. Indulge, *Calliope*, my Verſe,
While I the Horrors of the War rehearſe,
How Poets doubly in their Works were ſlain,
When the big Volumes cover'd all the Plain,
How ſittle Witlings like Enthuſiaſts fought
For the ſame Cauſe, they know not why, they wrote.

Firſt, Goddeſs, for thou know'ſt, inſtruct my Tongue
To tell the Source whence the Diſſention ſprung.

Apollo view'd, and with Reluctance, long
The Luſt of Int'reſt, and the Trade of Song,
The partial Jumble of the ſightleſs Dame,
The Fools of Fortune and the Sons of Fame
Confus'dly mix'd; the firſt a num'rous Croud
O'er Merit riſing inſolent and proud.
Reſolv'd no longer ſuch Affronts to bear,
That each the Laurels he deſerv'd might wear,
Thus, calling to his Aid *Jove*'s winged Son,
The ever-youthful God of Verſe begun.

Fly, *Hermes*, fly to that diſtinguiſh'd Shore,
Where *Dryden* late *Apollo*'s Laurels wore;
Thus ſays the delphic God, to all proclaim,
Who plead the Sanction of a Poet's Name,
Long has Confuſion ravag'd round the Plain,
And Diſcord rul'd among the tuneful Train;

Without

Without Diſtinction, to my own Diſgrace,
The brighter gives th' inferior Genius Place;
Hence who are ſtrenuous to obtain their Right
Are thus by *Phœbus* ſummon'd to the Fight.
His Arms let each advent'rous Chief prepare,
And I the God will be in Perſon there;
To ſee that all to Juſtice may ſubmit,
By Force of Learning, and by Dint of Wit.
To him who longeſt ſhall maintain the Field
This blooming Verdure on my Brows I yield.
Each *Britiſh* Son of Verſe my Will obey,
On *Windſor*'s Foreſt to decide the Day.

He ſpoke; and *Hermes*, quick at his Command,
Convey'd the Meſſage thro *Apollo*'s Land.
All view their Forces, and correct each Line,
And ſwear at ev'ry Word the Chaplet's mine.

Goddeſs, of Verſe ſupreme, immortal Maid,
Lend in the greateſt Time of Need thine Aid;

O'er all the Labours of my Song preſide,
And thro the arduous Task thy Herald guide;
Impartial let my Praiſe and Cenſure be,
For ev'ry Poet's Worth is known to Thee;
And firſt the Leaders and their Forces tell,
Allys, and Neuters, for thou know'ſt them well.

In that ſoft Seaſon when the fruitful Showrs
Call from the Womb of Earth the infant Flowrs,
In the full Beauty of the fragrant *May*,
When Nature ſmiles, and ev'ry Field is gay,
When *George* and *Caroline* begun their Reign,
Bleſs'd Pair, tremendous to the Pride of *Spain*,
This civil War commenc'd; O! may they know,
To interrupt their Peace, no greater Foe.

Soon as the Goddeſs, Enemy to Night,
In ſaffron Robes, unbar'd the Gates of Light,

Firſt

Firſt on the Plain a haughty Gen'ral came,
Of *Rumour* born, the ſhort liv'd Child of *Fame*,
In glaring Arms array'd, and *Pope* his Name.
Brittle the Helm he wore, no Artiſt's Care;
The Plume, *Belinda*, was thy raviſh'd Hair.
See on his Shield's thin Boſs the *Greecian* ſtand,
The lifeleſs Labour of the Painter's Hand;
Of *Greeks* the firſt, the deathleſs Son of Fame,
Not known for *Homer* but by *Homer*'s Name.
Low on the Orb, on the ſiniſter Side,
Lay *Hobbs* and *Chapman* to indulge his Pride;
Betwixt them *Ogylby*, and on his Head
Our Hero ſtood, inſulting o'er the dead.
Thy Lawns, O! *Windſor*, on the right were ſeen,
In Colours painted like autumnal Green.
Figures ill match'd of various Kinds were there,
The *Dunce's Bird* and *Eloiſa* fair.

With him a Chieftain came in Arms ally'd,
In Wit ſuperior, and of equal Pride,

St. *Patrick*'s Dean, of holy Men the Peſt,
A ſcurril Joker, and of all the Jeſt.
This Leader, ſable-rob'd, his Conſcience ſold
Long ſince; or Whig or Tory he for Gold.
Worth in all Shapes he views with envious Eyes,
A *Vanbrugh* witty, and *Godolphin* wiſe:
Nor could the foremoſt of the Sons of Men
Eſcape his ribbald and licentious Pen,
He who protected, in the doubtful Hour,
The Land of Freedom from tyrannic Powr:
Hail ever honour'd Shade, whoſe ſacred Name
Shall live, till Worlds decay, the Boaſt of Fame!
As Right requires, this, *Marlb'ro'*, is thy Lot;
The Foes to Virtue dy, and are forgot,
Or Death ſurvive, deteſted by their Race,
Wretches immortal in their own Diſgrace!
This Doom be his, who now his Mind employs
In feigning idle Tales for Girls and Boys,
Or gives his Genius the malignant Scope
At better Men to throw his Dirt with *Pope*.

See to the Field *Swift* ſelf-ſufficient run,
To ſhare the Wreath with his poetic Son;
With him Invectives groſs for Humour paſs:
He wears no Armour but a Face of Braſs.

Lover of Strife, the ſeeming rev'rend Man
Thus from his Bitterneſs of Soul began.

My dear Confed'rate, we have ſeen too long
The bold Encroachments of the Sons of Song;
But now the Hour is come that ſhall declare
To all, in Wit we *Brobdignaggians* are.
Obſerve my Words before our Foes appear,
And to the Voice of Counſel lend thine Ear.
Soon as we hear the Signal to engage
Exert with all thy Might poetic Rage;
Nor meanly ſtoop to Juſtice in the Cauſe,
Deſpiſe all Manners, and reguard no Laws.
Foes in all Caſes we muſt treat like Foes;
Whether the Sons of Verſe, or Men of Proſe,

Call them, without Reſerve, Dog, Monkey, Owl,
And ſplutter out at once Fiſh, Fleſh, and Fowl. 1

To him thus *Pope*. Waſte not thy Breath again
To give Advice where all thy Toil is vain.
Who better knows than I his Dirt to throw?
To wound in Secret either Friend or Foe?
Go preach to *Gay*, and ſuch as are inclin'd
Leſs to exert an enterprizing Mind,
Who ſlothful to purſue our glorious Ends,
Lag as if willing to make all their Friends.
When was I known baſely to court the Schools,
Or not to rail at dull methodic Fools,
Who dare not venture from their Depth to wade?
Souls fit as *Phillips* for the rhyming Trade!
A Genius form'd like mine will ſoar at all,
And boldly follow where Subſcriptions call.

My

NOTES.

1 *And ſplutter out at once Fiſh, Fleſh, and Fowl.*] See the *Treatiſe on the Profund*; in which the Qualitys of various Animals are ſet forth, and applyed to ſeveral Perſons as Writers, and to moſt without any Analogy.

My gentle Touch from *Homer* clear'd the Ruſt,
And from the Brow of *Shakeſpeare* wip'd the Duſt.

Here ends the Chief, and his Attendants raiſe, 2
With one Accord, the aukward Voice of Praiſe;
All Strangers to Renown, not form'd for War,
But humble Waiters on their Leader's Car;
Whoſe loud Applauſe at ev'ry Step they bawl,
And fright their Hearers with the hideous Squall.

So the light body'd Cranes united fly, 3
And with the Screams torment the winter Sky.

Diff'rent

NOTES.

2 *His Attendants.*] Here an Obſervation may not be improper, that among all the commendatory Copys of Verſes, which have yet appeared before the Works of Mr. *Pope*, not one, not the beſt, is a tolerable Performance.

3 *So the lightbody'd Cranes united fly.*] In the Beginning of the third Book of the *Iliad*, the Poet judiciouſly compares the *Trojan* Army to the clamourous Flight of Cranes; which Similitude ſtrengthens the Contraſt betwixt the Tumult of the *Trojans* and the orderly Diſpoſition of the *Greeks* marching to Battel. Mr. *Pope* has injured his Author by adding the Word Order,

Diff'rent the Motions of the learned Throng,
The longliv'd Sons of *Fame*, and Pride of Song!
Brave without Rage they march to face the Foe,
Nor Clamours raiſe, majeſtically ſlow.
To the bleſs'd Symphony of War they move,
To Sounds which ſeem to animate the Grove.
Here lofty Notes full worthy *Homer* ſwell,
Well anſwer'd, *Flaccus*, by thy *Roman* Shell;
Here *Pindar*'s bold and manly Strokes inſpire;
There breathes the Softneſs of the *Teian* Lyre.
So round their God the nine melodious Maids,
Soft warbling, charm the *Heliconian* Shades.

Foremoſt

NOTES.

Order, which is not ſignifyed in the Original, to his Tranſlation of this Simile. Says he,

——————— *the Cranes embody'd fly*
With Noiſe and Order.

This Error he endeavours to juſtify in a Note, by inſiſting on the Truth of their flying in Order; but had *Homer* been ſenſible of this as a Fact, he would have took no Notice of it; becauſe his Deſign was to oppoſe the noiſy and unskillful Management of the *Trojans* to the harmonious and artful Diſcipline of the *Greeks*.

Foremoſt of this harmonious Band is ſeen
A Chief at once advent'rous and ſerene;
Firm on his Shield the *Roman* Swan appears,
Horace bright ſhining thro a Length of Years,
And there *Lavinia* by her Dream betray'd,
And *Acon* ſmiling on the bluſhing Maid:
Longinus there extends the laurel Bough,
And with the Ivy crowns the Critic's Brow.
Thus arm'd the Bard advanc'd, in Heart ſincere,
Welſted to *Phœbus* and the *Muſes* dear.

From the Tranquillity of letter'd Eaſe
A Chief, whoſe Moments are employ'd to pleaſe
To pleaſe and to improve, is forc'd to jar,
Tho fit in Proweſs, not inclin'd to War;
Who would the ſtubborn Foe to Juſtice ſhame,
Friend to all Worth, and *Theobald* his Name:

His ample Shield two mighty Poets grace,
Here *AEſchylus*, there *Shakeſpeare*'s aweful Face,
With all the buskin'd Honours plac'd between
Thoſe great Supporters of the tragic Scene.

Tickell, bleſs'd Bard, by *Addiſon* approv'd,
A Leader bold, and by the *Muſes* lov'd,
Took

NOTES.

4 *Here AEſchylus.*] I ſhould not have mentioned *AEſchylus*, a Tranſlation of which Author Mr *Theobald* has happyly accompliſhed, had not Mr. *Pope*, in the firſt Book of the *Dunciad*, introduced it, I fear, with a malevolent Tendency; for ſince the Public cannot judge of the Equity of the Praiſe or Cenſure of a Work not publiſhed, with what View can any one condemn it, but to prejudice ſuch as are influenced by his Judgement againſt the Propoſals which are made for printing it? Such as have ſeen the Specimen of this Tranſlation from the Tragedy of *Prometheus*, and are capable of judging, will be convinced that Mr. *Pope* is either no Judge, or, to ſpeak in the mildeſt Terms, a partial Man. Mr *Theobald* is treated in ſo unhandſome, fooliſh, and petulant, a Manner, thro the *Dunciad*, that we muſt think the Author much altered in his Opinion, ſince he wrote the following Lines; which, I believe, the Reader will think could never be more properly quoted than in a Satire on the Author.

'Tis not enough, Wit, Art, and Learning, join;
In all you ſpeak let Truth and Candour ſhine:
That not alone what to your Judgment's due
All may allow; but ſeek your Friendſhip too.
Eſſay on Criticiſm.

Took in reſplendent Arms the martial Field,
The Head of *Homer* painted on his Shield;
The Lines ſo ſtrong the maſter Pencil ſpeak,
All wiſh he'd draw'd at Length th' immortal *Greek*.

A Chieftain, who precipitates my Praiſe,
With *Virgil*'s Genius, tho but *Lucan*'s Days,
Behold. O! Youth, if into Fate I ſee,
Another *Dryden* ſhall ariſe in Thee.
Born to add Glory to thy native Land,
Thy early Virtues now our Hearts command:
Let Malice throw her feeble Darts in vain,
By Thee retorted only with Diſdain,
Still ſhalt thou give her Reaſon to repine,
And to the Eye of Judgement ever ſhine.

Thee

NOTES.

5 *The Head of* Homer *painted on his Shield.*] Mr. *Tickell* has favoured the Public with a Tranſlation of the firſt Book of the *Iliad*; and ſome Perſons would be glad to be prevented, by the ſame Hand, in their Deſign of tranſlating the reſt.

Thee in thy Works ſhall Men unborn adore,
And call the Genius of paſs'd Ages *Moore*.

With theſe a choſen Band of Warriors came,
Each zealous to aſſert his Leader's Fame;
Tho worthy in themſelves the Bard's Renown,
They modeſtly declin'd the laurel Crown.
Againſt the Foe they march'd in Arms ally'd,
And knew the God with Juſtice would decide.

The Armys meet, the Word the Leaders give,
And all the Signal for the Fight receive.
Betwixt both Hoſts *Pope*, dauntleſs Champion, ſtands,
And bids Defiance to the ſocial Bands:
Who dares, he crys, with Me his Strength to try,
Let him conſider well what 'tis to dy;
'Tis living to obſerve his Labours dead,
And by no Reader but their Author read:
Both Day and Night he may torment his Brain,
And write, and write, and ever write in vain:

The

The Works on which I look with Eyes unkind
Shall vaniſh like the Chaff before the Wind.
Who doubts my Vigour may repent too late;
Who can like Me invent, or who tranſlate?
Of Epic Bards the Chief and oldeſt ſee
Explain'd, and more illuſtrious made, by Me.

He ends, and lo! his ample Shield uprears,
On which th' Unlikeneſs of the *Greek* appears.
Tickell ſtep'd forth, with juſt Reſentment fir'd
In *Homer*'s Cauſe, and by the *Muſe* inſpir'd.
Shield againſt Shield the Heros now oppoſe;
Senſe claſh'd with Senſe, and Words on Words aroſe;
For *Pope*, a Chief more reſolute than ſtrong,
Perſiſted boldly in the Fight of Song,
Till he at laſt the Foe too powrful found,
And by him fell unpity'd to the Ground.
About him throng'd his ſad Attendants all,
And tho they ſaw would ſcarce believe his Fall;

Him

Him to the greenwood Shade they gently bore,
And in hoarſe Elegys his Fate deplore.
Tickell obſerv'd, and thus his Thoughts expreſs'd,
Contempt and Pity riſing in his Breaſt.
Severe his Lot to whom the *Muſes* gave
A Powr ſo bounded, and a Soul ſo brave!

Now to the Field the neut'ral Forces came,
Bards unrecorded in the Rolls of Fame;
Whoſe Magazine of Wit can ſtrike no Awe,
Dablers in Verſe in Politics and Law;
Some much affecting Wit are all Grimace,
Whoſe total Merit is a joking Face;
Thrice happy Men, with ſilent Talents bleſs'd,
Who may reſerve Your Words, and look a Jeſt;
In the eternal Book of Fame forbear
To hope a Place; no Phizzes enter there.
Be witty while you may for, ſuch your Fate,
Short is of Life, ſhort of your Reign, the Date;

Will

Will Somers is no more; and *Pinkey* reſts
In the cold Grave; the Men who look'd ſuch Jeſts!
When thoſe ye join, over the cheerful Glaſs
The Friends of each will ſay, poor Phiz! Alas!

With other Bards advanc'd theſe wond'rous Men,
With each a Face more hum'rous than his Pen,
Diſdain'd alike by *Pope* and the Allys,
Each hoping ſingly for the laurel Prize.
To *Moore* and *Welſted* they direct their Way;
To each an eaſy, but inglorious Prey.

A Bard, deputed by th' Allys to give
The Sentence to the Foe to dy or live,
Survey'd the Captives o'er their Worth to find,
And turn'd the uſeleſs Pages to the Wind:
His Hand deſtructive ſtop'd, he call'd a Name,
Juſt ſinking in Oblivion, back to Fame;
A Portion of his Verſe he view'd with Care;
And ſaw th' Aſſiſtance of the *Muſes* there:

While thoſe are doom'd to write, and be forgot,
For Thee, *Brevall*, is caſt a happyer Lot. 6

Pope, as recover'd by ſome magic Gift,
Once more in Arms appear'd ſuſtain'd by *Swift*;
Whoſe Art reſtor'd the Hero to the Plain,
Unkind reſtor'd him but to fall again.
So from the Wounds of Love a Beau I've ſeen
Freſh flutt'ring by the Pill of * * * 7
But hear'd, e're many Suns, the Wretch complain
Of the curs'd Emp'ric, and returning Pain.

Welſted

NOTES.

6 *For Thee* Brevall *is caſt a happyer Lot.*] This Gentleman wrote an excellent Poem call'd *Calpe* or *Gibraltar*; in which we are delighted with the Deſcription and Hiſtory of that Place, and in a Language truely poetical. We are obliged to him for ſeveral other Pieces, which have each their Merit. The Fate of this Writer, as a Poet, is enough to deter the fineſt Genius, who has no View but Fame, and no Recommendation to the World but Merit, from his Purſuit.

7 * * * This may be took for any Quack, who, by the Impoſition of a Noſtrum, gives ſome immediate Relief, but eſtabliſhes the Diſeaſe for the future.

Welſted with Vigilance obſerv'd his Courſe,
And for the Fight collected all his Force;
Forward he ſprung to meet the approaching Foe,
Eager his great Antagoniſt to know,
Reſolv'd with him ſingly to try his Fate,
With him of whom Report had ſpoke ſo great.
Pope met him near, and the Aſſault began,
Juſt to the Counſel of the ſable Man;
But *Welſted*, to diſtinguiſh Right from Wrong,
Proceeded to the Merits of his Song,
When fled the maudlin and unmeaning Lay,
As Darkneſs flys before the Face of Day.
Pope ſees the Danger, and incites the Croud,
Who for their Chief grow mutinous and loud.
That Hour, O! ſacred Bard, had ſeen thy Name
Eras'd unjuſtly from the Book of Fame
By barb'rous Numbers, who conſpir'd thy Fall,
Ill judging, noiſy, and malicious, all,
Had not the God, who judg'd the Strife of Song,
Preſerv'd Thee harmleſs from the treach'rous Throng.

With Patience wait the Day when thou ſhalt ſhine,
In thy meridian Glory, all divine.

Pope and his Forces diſappointed bend
Their Fury doubled on great *Shakeſpeare*'s Friend.
Here *Swift* exerts himſelf, whoſe ſole Delight,
And Care, are only to enrage the Fight;
Th' invenom'd Breaſt of *Pope* he more inflames,
And the Globe ranſacs for opprobrious Names;
The Stile of Porters he would bring in Uſe,
As if all Wit conſiſted in Abuſe:
But *Theobald* in keener Weapons ſtrong,
Made his Revenge to prove the Foe was wrong;
He wiſely ſees, while envious Slanders fail,
The better Part is to convince, not rail.

Thy Arms, O! *Moore*, were not employ'd in vain,
Fierce to the ſervile and the flatt'ring Train.
While in the Brilliancy of Wit you ſhine,
Undoubted Conqueſt ſits upon each Line,

Whether

Whether diverting in the comic Strain,
Or gayly ſporting in *Anacreon*'s Vein!
Nor ſtop'd thy Vict'ry on the menial Band;
The Chief went wounded from thy artful Hand.

The dreadful Rage of War continued high
Till Darkneſs had inveſted all the Sky:
The Chiefs the Signal give the Fight to end,
And farther Battel till the Morn ſuſpend.

The End of the firſt Canto.

THE BATTEL *of the* POETS.

CANTO II.

WHILE in their Camp retir'd both Armys lay,
Some panting, many fearful, for the Day,
Euſden a laurel'd Bard, by Fortune rais'd,
Who has by few been read, by fewer prais'd,
From Place to Place forlorn and breathleſs flys,
And offers Bribes immenſe for ſtrong Allys.
In vain he ſpends the Day the Night in vain;
All to his Offers deaf his Bribes diſdain.
To *Blackmore*, aged Chief, who bears the Scars [1]
Of dreadful Wounds receiv'd in former Wars,

He

NOTES.

[1] *Blackmore.*] What Degree of Merit can we attribute to any one who immediately vents his Rage on an Author, who had before been humbled by *Dryden*, *Garth*, and other their Cotemporarys? the ſame which we would allow ſuch as ſhould, fifty Years hence, attack the Ruins of *Pope* wrought ſo long before by *Theobald*, *Moore*, *Welſted*, &c.

He moſt apply'd for Aid; to whom the Sage
Thus ſpoke, delib'rate from the Fears of Age.

No longer Son my Arms ally'd implore;
In Fields of Fight I ſhall appear no more.
E'en now I feel, not heal'd by Length of Days,
What I have ſuffer'd from great *Dryden*'s Lays;
Nor Patience, nor devouring Time, can cure
What from immortal *Garth* I now endure;
Say therefore what of Glory can I hope,
From *Garth* and *Dryden* to deſcend to *Pope?*
Or what Renown could the Inſulter gain,
To have reported he has ſlay'd the ſlain?

His Words effected much the Laureat's Mind,
Who thus repuls'd by all the War declin'd;
With Heart dejected he return'd alone,
Upon the Banks of *Cham* to make his Moan,
Reſolv'd to paſs his future Days in Eaſe,
And toil in Verſe himſelf alone to pleaſe,

To fly the noiſy Candidates of Fame,
Nor ever court again ſo coy a Dame.

Dennis, whoſe Veins with youthful Vigour flow,
Firm as an Oak beneath the Weight of Snow,
True Foe to Vice, of modern Bards the Dread,
Who ſpurious Wit has oft' in Triumph led,
Rears, as *Apollo* and the *Nine* inſpire,
With Hands tremendous, the vindictive Fire.
Dauntleſs he ranges o'er the hoſtile Ground;
And of the ſlumbring Chiefs the Labours round
He views, and ſeizes in th' unguarded Hour
From each an Off'ring to th' offended Powr.
From *Pope* he bears no ſlender Sacrifice;
In flaming Rolls Volumes on Volumes riſe:
With the mar'd *Greecian* Storys feed the Flame,
Thy Praiſe *Cecilia*, and thy Temple *Fame*.
Light mounts, impartial Doom! the maukiſh Lay,
Where Sylphs preſide, and Belles at Ombre play;

Where

Where well bred Lords and softest Bosoms rage;
And Clenches and Conundrums croud the Page.
Not less severe the Fate of that dull Strain
Where for the Critic's Wreath he strives in vain,
Of Knowledge barren, much affects to know,
While like the *Severn* rough his Numbers flow. 2
Ye Nymphs of *Drury* mourn the Labour fir'd
Which Envy and some Succubus inspir'd;
Chetwood for you was with the Jordan crown'd, 3
Whose Semicircle's like a watry Round:
Perish

NOTES.

2 *While like the* Severn *rough his Numbers flow.*] The common Characteristic of this Poet is that of a good Versifyer. I know not how this Opinion prevailed, but none was ever more falsely grounded; for his Versifycation is mostly as faulty as his Sentiment; and in this Poem a nice Ear can not distinguish fifty Lines which please. This Judgement I shall not depart from, tho I may, in the Opinion of some, incur Part of the following Censure.

Authors are partial to their Wit 'tis true,
But are not Critics to their Judgment too?
Essay on Criticism.

3 Chetwood *for you was with the Jordan crown'd.*] The Game in the *Dunciad* to which this Passage alludes is so foolish and very obscene, that no Person can detect all the Absurditys in it, without offending against Modesty. The Author, in his Preface, would

Periſh the Verſe of Spleen, th' abuſive Song,
Where Malice weakly jumbles Right and Wrong.
Let Fancy image, to her utmoſt Powr,
The Poet's Anguiſh in the lab'ring Hour:
Behold

NOTES.

would have Us underſtand that he imitated *Virgil* in that extraordinary Performance, and he has really imitated him but as a Monkey does a Man. To imitate *Virgil* is not to have Games, and thoſe beaſtly and unnatural, becauſe *Virgil* has noble and reaſonable Games, but to preſerve a Purity of Manners, Propriety of Conduct founded on Nature, a Beauty and Exactneſs of Stile, and continued Harmony of Verſe concording with the Senſe. If Mr. *Pope*'s End was Satire in this, how is it anſwered by repreſenting *Curll* and *Chetwood* piſſing for Mrs. *Haywood*? If Satire was not his End, the Reader will eaſyly perceive how much he has erred in his Notion of Wit or Humour. I muſt here give another Inſtance of this Poet, or Critic, wandering from his own Precepts.

No Pardon vile Obſcenity ſhould find,
Tho Wit and Art conſpire to move your Mind;
But Dullneſs with Obſcenity muſt prove
As ſhameleſs ſure as Impotence in Love.
Eſſay on Criticiſm.

We muſt here obſerve that the Poet frequently gives Things different Appellations from what the Nature of them requires. We will inſtance the Rainbow; which the Author of the *Dunciad* firſt calls a Bow, and in the ſame Verſe, a watry Round, ſo that it is a Bow and it is not a Bow. I know not what poetical Licenſe he may pretend to have for this Cuſtom, but I am ſure his Maſters *Virgil*, or *Homer*, whom he ſerves very ill, even in one of his Slumbers, would not have called a Semicircle a whole Circle.

Behold the Bard; aghaſt his Eyeballs roll,
And the malignant Paſſion ſhakes his Soul;
In his tumultuous Breaſt a Fury reigns,
And with the felleſt Venom ſwells his Veins;
At ev'ry Age, and at each Sex, he flings,
And with his Satire daubs but never ſtings:
He ſcribles on, but what he ſcarcely knows,
While from his Pen the ſcurril Nonſenſe flows!
Slander and Lewdneſs he for Wit would paſs,
As Knaves would oft' for Gold impoſe their Braſs.
Too long the Task, the Toil of Moons, to Name,
His ev'ry guilty Line that fed the Flame,
How he purloin'd from the immortal dead,
And in his Thefts converted Gold to Lead.
To this Confeſſion Juſtice ſways the Mind,
That in the Maſs confus'd we Beautys find,
But ſo diſpos'd, as in the ruſtic Dance
Colin treads courtly from th' Effect of Chance;
Beautys like Vi'lets which adorn the Ground
That Briars, Thorns, and Weeds, and Mud, ſurround,

Of

Of all who fought beneath this Chief's Command
Not one eſcap'd the Critic's vengeful Hand;
High rais'd they ly upon the fatal Fire,
And in one Blaze, to live no more, expire.

Diff'rent and juſt the Fortune of the Allys,
From whom, bleſs'd Bards, but ſcanty Off'rings riſe;
Thin and but hardly ſeen their Errors ly,
Like Weeds which cheat the careful Floriſt's Eye.

His Work perform'd, the Critic took his Way,
Slow pacing, homeward, and uproſe the Day.
As on he went he ſaw approaching nigh 4
The Form of one that ſeem'd, and was, a Spy,
Thick

NOTES.

4 *He ſaw approaching nigh*, &c.] *Homer*, in his Character of *Therſites*, does not repreſent him as a ridiculous Perſon only, but as one of an evil Diſpoſition; by which we may juſtly believe the Poet thought it not reaſonable to expoſe him as an Object of Ridicule, without his being guilty of ſome Vice, which may juſtify his public Cenſure of him.

Thick ſtuff'd his Pockets and his Sides with Rhyme,
And mutt'ring as he walk'd one endleſs Chime;
As on he wander'd, like a Wretch poſſeſs'd,
The Critic ſeiz'd him, and unman'd his Breaſt;
Trembling he ſtood, his Guilt creating Fear;
His Crimes were many, and his Judge ſevere.
With Anger and Contempt thus ſpoke the Sage,
Auſtere but juſt, his Brows denouncing Rage.
Say, conſcious Traytor, ſuch you ſeem to Me,
What can your Buſ'neſs in the Foreſt be,
Thus arm'd, alone, now ſcarce the Night is fled,
To kill the living, or to ſtrip the dead?
Tell Me, for 'tis in vain to hope to fly,
Your Name your Purpoſe, or expect to dy.
With Tone terrific to the Sons of Song,
And Sounds emphatic which the Words prolong,
O! venerable Sire, the Captive cry'd,
Phœbus forbid your Will ſhould be deny'd!

To

To ſmooth the Rigour of impending Fate,
Spying the Cane unfriendly o'er his Pate.)
I'll Truth, unſully'd with a Ly relate.
To him the Sage reply'd. No more deſpair;
Speak Truth and longer breathe the vital Air.
Then he, of all the Wretch's Might the Bane,
No more ſuſpended held the pond'rous Cane;
Behold, he cry'd, the Object of thy Dread,
The Cane no longer trembling o'er thy Head:
Proceed. Encourag'd thus the Wretch began,
Louder his Voice, and almoſt like a Man.

Savage my Name, unbleſs'd my natal Morn,
Who to the Ills of Poetry was born.
From *Pope* deputed, from my Heart's Ally,
To yonder Camp I tend a dauntleſs Spy.
Thro great and many Dangers ſafe I go,
My only Guard my Falſehood to the Foe;
Before a Friend profeſs'd they know no Fear,
But truſt their Secrets to a faithleſs Ear;

I watch

I watch their Motions, and each Word they ſay,
And all, and more than all, I know, betray:
In kind Return he cheers my Soul with Praiſe,
And mends, where ſuch he finds, my feeble Lays.

Thus interrupting, with a ſcornful Smile,
Enough thy Folly ſpeaks, enough thy Guile,
To him the Sage with aweful Voice rejoin'd.
What Mercy, Traytor, can you hope to find?
To Thee the Promiſe of thy Life I gave,
A falſe, a fawning, and a witleſs, Slave;
But now thy Soul appears ſo mean, ſo black,
That Juſtice bids Me call that Promiſe back.
He paus'd a while, then ſpoke. Thy Life I give;
Thy greateſt Torment, Wretch, muſt be to live.
Thro the priſmatick Glaſs deceiv'd you ſee,
Believing all Things, as they ſeem, to be;
But ſad Experience late ſhall ope thine Eyes,
And ſhew Thee thoſe who flatter moſt deſpiſe.

Thy

Thy Friends were many when thy Faults were leſs,
Whom not thy Merit gain'd, but thy Diſtreſs;
While thoſe you teaz'd all harmleſs with your Rhyme,
And ſcribbling Nonſence was your greateſt Crime,
Pity and Scorn they cheriſh'd but conceal'd;
Now Scorn and Hate prevail, and thoſe reveal'd:
Such is of Spys like Thee the certain Fate,
Whether the Spys of Verſe, or Spys of State.

Ending, he rifles his poetic Store,
Reads of each Piece a Verſe, and reads no more,
Then, with theſe Words, returns the wond'rous Lay,
Nor tragic, comic, neither grave, nor gay.

Take it, and fearleſs of my Cenſure ſing,
Whoſe winter Fruit can not ſurvive the Spring.
He ends, and drives him homeward in his Sight,
And ſighs and pitys from his Soul the Wight.

Now

Now *Phœbus* paints with golden Streaks the Skys;
The Foreſt warbles; and the Bards upriſe;
They view their Forces, and review, with Care,
And ſee th' avenging Hand of *Phœbus* there;
Some own the Juſtice of the God's Decree;
And ſome with Eyes of Grief reproachful ſee.
While for his raviſh'd Verſes *Pope* complain'd,
And Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell, by Turns arraign'd,
Philips approach'd with a ſelected Throng,
From Cells and Courts, judicious Sons of Song:
His Helm was made with more than human Care;
And *Pindar*, with his *Theban* Lyre, is there.
Lo! on his Shield the deathleſs *Mantuan* ſtands,
And bowing gives his Pipe to *Britiſh* Hands;
There ſtands *Oreſtes* in his wild Deſpair,
Humfrey the good, and *Gwendolen* the fair.
Swift, who foreſaw the Danger of his Stay,
Poſted reguardleſs of his Friend away.

Pope, ſwell'd with Malice, Vanity and Pride,
Thus, with the Voice of Pray'r, to *Phœbus* cry'd.

Lend Me, great God of Verſe, thy timely Aid,
By Foes ſurrounded, and a Friend betray'd.
Reſtore my Arms, reſtore my plunder'd Lays,
And annually thy Bard ſhall ſing thy Praiſe;
Or whelm Me, in the Center of the Ball,
Rather than *Philips* ſhould behold my Fall.

Apollo hear'd the wretched Suppliant's Pray'r,
Prefer'd in vain, for all his Vows were Air.
At laſt the deſp'rate Bard the Foe defy'd,
And on the paſt'ral Lay his Hopes rely'd;
Which, now to periſh, ſuch the God's Command,
Eſcap'd the Vengeance of the Critic's Hand.
The Deity inſpir'd th' attendant Throng,
With Wiſdom to decide this Strife of Song,
Who judge, illfated *Pope*, thy rural Note
Like a Clown aukward in Sir *Fopling*'s Coat;

But

But *Philips* charms all Hearers with his Strain,
A skilful, pure, and unaffected, Swain;
His Numbers flow with Harmony and Eaſe,
And like the Country in her Beauty pleaſe.
This Commendation, *Philips*, is thy Due,
And this the Sentence of the judging few.
The Scene with Pœans loud to *Philips* rung;
Nor could the Song prevail to *Granville* ſung.
The vanquiſh'd Bard in Words like theſe expreſs'd
The Anguiſh and the Malice of his Breaſt.

Shall I to Fame by thouſands, millions, rais'd, 5
By *Turks*, and *Indians* read, by *Sheffield* prais'd,

NOTES.

5 *Shall I to Fame by thouſands, millions, rais'd,* &c.] Mr. *Pope*, ſpeaking of himſelf, in the Preface to the *Dunciad*, ſays; *Of all thoſe Men who have received Pleaſure from his Writings (which by modeſt Computation may be about a hundred thouſand in theſe Kingdoms of* England *and* Ireland, *not to mention* Jerſey, Guernſay, *the* Orcades, *thoſe in the new World, and Foreigners who have tranſlated him into their Languages) of all this Number, not a Man hath ſtood up to ſay one Word in his Defence.* This is the moſt

Shall I, O! Gods, ſubmit to You, or You,
Curll's Authors, Blockheads, Ribbands red and blue!
As to exert he ſtrove the Voice of Spleen,
He wrung his Hands, and fainted on the Green.

As proſtrate and forlorn the Bardling lys,
Forth ſteps *ELIZA of majeſtic Size*,
Who pleas'd the Progreſs of the Fight to ſee,
Had ſtood conceal'd behind an aged Tree.
The injur'd Dame, (who could her Thoughts divine!)
Crying aloud, now ſweet Revenge be mine,
To where a fragrant Bed of Nettles lay
Soft ſmiling bore him in her Lap away.

Philips

NOTES.

moſt unreaſonable Author that ever I read. He is not contented that the Public ſhould buy, read, and be pleaſed with, his Works, but he is angry becauſe they do not defend them. I hope he is ſenſible, by this Time, he has paſſed no great Compliment on himſelf; for ſuch of his Readers as *have received Pleaſure from his Writings* ſeem to have no Power, or at leaſt no Inclination, *to ſay one Word in his Defence*; and perhaps the moſt conſiderate of them have deſerted him.

Philips advanc'd, with eaſy Conqueſt bleſs'd,
And thus, with friendly Voice, th' Allys addreſs'd.

Think not, illuſtrious Ornaments of Song,
I come your Foe, or would your Merits wrong.
I, conſcious of your Worth and high Renown,
Declin'd the Conteſt for the laurel Crown;
But urg'd by theſe our Friends, a glorious Train,
Late, and to Battel ſlow, I took the Plain.
The Foe expell'd, let Us unite in Peace;
When Ignorance is fled Contentions ceaſe.
If one diſtinguiſh'd with the Wreath muſt go,
The Gift let *Phœbus* as he likes beſtow.

Moore, ever to the Cauſe of Juſtice, true,
Thus ſpoke the Language of the judging few;
And what he ſpoke was with a graceful Eaſe:
He like *Ulyſſes* never fails to pleaſe.
Tho by the cens'ring Voice of Crouds inclin'd,
E're Judgment had aſſum'd her Seat, the Mind,

The Youth, O! *Philips*, has prophan'd thy Lays,
Reguard this Voice of Truth, the Voice of Praiſe.
Long may'ſt thou live to charm, O! Bard divine,
And bid thy Nymphs in *lonely Foreſts ſhine.*
Swell in the Cauſe of Truth the tragic Page:
Who hears the free-born Soul of *Vanoc* rage,
Who ſees the Hero brave aſſert his Right,
And yields reſiſtleſs to tyrannic Might?
Or tune to diff'rent Strains thy manly Lyre,
And nobly let it breathe with *Pindar*'s Fire;
Reſcue the *Theban* Bard from *Cowley*'s Pen,
That careleſs Poet, and that beſt of Men:
Or vary, as thy Mind directs, thy Lays,
Be thine, in ev'ry Kind, the foremoſt Praiſe.
Since all, who taſte thy Verſe, this Truth allow,
The laurel Glorys muſt adorn thy Brow.
All hail'd him Chief; the God approv'd the Sound,
And with the Evergreen his Temples crown'd.

The End.

PARA-

PARAPHRASES

AND

TRANSLATIONS.

PARAPHRASES

AND

TRANSLATIONS

The LAMENTATION *of* DAVID *for* SAUL *and* JONATHAN,

From the first Chapter of the second Book of SAMUEL, *paraphrased.*

ON the high Places, in a fatal Hour,
Slain is the Boast of War, and *Israel's* Flowr.
How are the mighty fall'n! the Loss deplore!
Our Glory *Saul* and *Jonathan's* no more.

The Tydings from insulting *Gath* conceal,
Let none their Fate to *Askelon* reveal,
Lest the *Philistines*, and their Daughters, sing
The Song of Triumph o'er the vanquish'd King.

Unfruitful, *Gilboa*, may your Hills remain,
Nor ever more imbibe the kindly Rain;

Henceforth

Henceforth, ye Mountains, may the Heav'ns refuſe,
When moſt ye need them, their refreſhing Dews;
No more beneath your Shades may Off'rings fall,
Whoſe Heights have witneſs'd to the Death of *Saul.*
Curs'd be the Field that ſaw the valiant dy,
The routed Horſemen, and the Chariots fly;
Where fell the Monarch, to his Foes a Prey;
And where the royal Shield was caſt away:
Who can diſtinguiſh now th' illuſtrious dead?
As unanointed lys th' anointed Head.

Ne'er know'd the Soul of *Jonathan* to fear;
He dauntleſs ſaw the hoſtile Bands appear;
Firm was his Heart, unerring was his Bow,
Whoſe Shafts were fatal to the braveſt Foe.
Thy great Atchievements, *Saul*, what Tongue can tell,
Beneath whoſe Sword the mighty'ſt Warriors fell!

In future Times may their Examples fire
The Son to Duty, and to Love the Sire;

Who

Who them reſemble, future Times ſhall call
Each Son a *Jonathan*, each Parent *Saul*:
Unſully'd Friendſhip was of Life their Pride,
Whom neither Malice could, nor Death, divide;
They chas'd the routed with the Eagle's Flight,
And as the Lion ſtrong maintain'd the Fight.

What Fair of *Iſrael* will the Tear deny
To him who deck'd them with the ſcarlet Dy,
To whom they owe that we with Joy behold
Them tread reſplendent in their Robes of Gold?

On the high Places, in a fatal Hour,
How are the mighty fall'n, and *Iſrael*'s Flowr!

O! *Jonathan*, who can my Griefs expreſs,
What Words can utter Half thy Friend's Diſtreſs?
He that depriv'd the mourning Land of Thee
Rob'd Me of Part, the better Part, of Me:

Thy

Thy Love to Me burn'd with a wond'rous Flame,
Above all Paſſions which have yet a Name,
The Love of Women far refin'd above,
The nobleſt Friendſhip with a Brother's Love.

On the high Places, in a fatal Hour,
Fall'n is the Boaſt of War, and *Iſrael*'s Flowr.

PSALM

PSALM *the 97th paraphraſed.*

WHAT Bounds, O! Lord of all, confine thy Sway?
Earth know thy Ruler, and thy King obey.
Jehova reigns; celeſtial Regions ſmile;
O! Sea rejoice; and triumph ev'ry Iſle.

In thickeſt Darkneſs now his Head he ſhrouds,
Or in a Blaze of Glory rides on Clouds;
Where'er the God directs his rapid Flight,
Judgement and Juſtice wait the Prince of Light.
Before his Wrath he ſends conſuming Fire,
Whoſe Foes to Aſhes turn beneath his Ire.
He, the great Soul of Light, enlighten'd all;
Earth ſaw, and trembled from her inmoſt Ball.

As

As the Wax melts beneath the mid-day Sun,
Before his Eye diſſolv'd the Mountains run.
Superior Worlds declare his juſt Decree;
And his bright Glory all the Nations ſee.

Deluded Mortals, who have plac'd your Truſt
In Gods who, like yourſelves, are only Duſt!
Before their Altars kneel, invoke their Powr;
Let them protect ye in the wrathful Hour.
Fall down ye Idols whom your Makers boaſt;
Fall down ye Gods before the Lord of Hoſt.

Sion with Gladneſs, Lord, has hear'd thy Voice,
And *Judah*'s Daughters in thy Truth rejoice.
High is our God, above all Worlds his Throne;
God of all Gods, he ſits ſupreme alone.

To him ye Juſt with Adoration bow,
And with a Zeal unfeign'd prefer the Vow;

Beneath

Beneath his Care ſecure your Soul ſhall reſt
Whoſe Hands are pure, and undefil'd your Breaſt;
To all your Wants he ſhall incline his Ear,
Diſperſe your Foes, and free your Mind from
Fear.

In you a Portion of the God ſhall ſhine,
And bid your Actions ſhew the Light divine;
Gladneſs of Heart ſhall crown your ev'ry Day,
And in ſoft Slumbers paſs the Nights away.

Rejoice ye Righteous, in the Lord rejoice;
O! ye Upright lift up the grateful Voice;
His Powr, his Wiſdom, and his Goodneſs, ſing;
Hail him of Gods the God, of Kings the King!

PSALM

PSALM *the* 137*th paraphraſed.*

I.

AS proſtrate on the Banks we lay
Where thy fam'd Streams, *Euphrates*, flow,
We weep'd, and ſigh'd our Hearts away;
Faſt fell our Tears, the Fruits of Woe.

II.

The riſing Sun our Griefs did ſee,
The ſetting Sun beheld the ſame,
When wretched we remember'd Thee,
O! *Sion*, *Sion*, lovely Name!

III.

Our Harps, no more delightful, hung
On the freſh Verdure of the Trees;

No

No longer touch'd, no longer ſtrung,
They murmur'd mournful to the Breez.

IV.

As thus forlorn we paſs'd the Day,
Inſulting thus the Conqu'ror cry'd,
Reſume the Lyre, and chant the Lay,
The Note ſo oft' in *Sion* try'd.

V.

In a ſtrange Land how ſhall we ſing
Thy Song, O! God, almighty Powr?
What Hand can wake the ſilent String
In the diſtreſsful heavy Hour?

VI.

Once happy City, now oppreſs'd,
When you, to Mem'ry loſs'd, depart,
Salem, from my ingrateful Breaſt,
May my right Hand forget her Art.

VII.

If in the glad, the feaſting Day,
If when the Song of Joy is ſung,
From Thee ſeduc'd my Thoughts ſhould ſtray,
For ever ſpeechleſs be my Tongue.

VIII.

The Sons of *Edom*, God, recall
To Mind, who in the Battel cry'd,
Down *Salem*, down proud City fall,
And lower to the Duſt thy Pride.

IX.

Daughters of *Babylon* beware,
Tho now thy Sons in Triumph ſhine,
From whom we bore, and much we bear,
Our Lot ſevere may once be thine.

X.

Vengeance may be delay'd a while,
Yet ſhall o'ertake ye ſure, tho late;

Then

Then ſhall the happy Victor ſmile,
Who brings on *Edom Iſrael*'s Fate.

XI.

Happy the Man whom Heav'n ordains
Relentleſs to revenge our Wrongs:
Then proud Inſulters ſtrive in Chains
To ſtrike your Lyres, and chant your Songs.

XII.

Bleſs'd ſhall he be, yea doubly bleſs'd,
Who tares, before the Father's Eyes,
The tender Infant from the Breaſt,
Whom neither Vows can ſave, nor Crys.

A HYMN,

From PSALM *the* 145*th.*

I.

O God I will exalt thy Name,
To Thee, O! God, will ſing;
The Subject of my Verſe thy Fame,
O! God, O! God, my King.

II.

O God I will exalt thy Name,
With Praiſe thy Name adore;
The Subject of my Verſe thy Fame,
Till Time ſhall be no more.

III.

Thy Name alone my Song ſhall grace;
Thee all thy Works commend,
Whoſe Greatneſs, or in Time or Space,
O! Lord can have no End.

Thy

IV.

Thy Mercys, Lord, are over all,
O'er all thy Works extend,
To ev'ry Atom of the Ball;
Thy Mercys have no End.

V.

Juſt is the Lord in all his Ways,
A juſt and holy King;
To him I offer up my Praiſe,
And Hallelujahs ſing.

SIMONIDES *on* HUMAN LIFE PARAPHRASED.

NOTHING is lasting on the World's great Stage,
As sung, and wisely sung, the * *Chian* Sage:
E'en Man, who thro the Globe extends his Sway,
Reigns but the sov'reign Creature of a Day.
One Generation comes, another goes;
Time blends the happy and the Man of Woes:
In Death the Wretch foresees his End of Pain;
The greatest dys, a Lesson to the vain.

The human Race of Life the Circle run
Like Leaves the Verdure of the summer Sun;

* *Homer.*

Some,

Some, ſuch the Foliage of the Oak, will laſt
The Autumn thro, nor dread the wintry Blaſt;
Some early in the Year beſtrew the Vale,
Unable to withſtand a ſouthern Gale;
If late or early from their Boughs they fall,
Their Heir, the Bud of Spring, ſucceeds them all:
Like theſe the ſhort-liv'd Sons of Man decay;
Yet few reguard the moralizing Lay.
Hope with Us born, in Life the fair Decoy,
Drives them forgetful on in Search of Joy.
Behold the blooming Heir with Tranſport plan
Scenes of Delight to come, unthinking Man!
While from Diſeaſes free he draws his Breath,
He nor expects old Age, nor dreams of Death;
Or now his Dome he views majeſtic riſe
With airy Spires which ſeem to reach the Skys:
Pleas'd with th' enchanting Proſpect now he roves
Thro his long Viſtas, and ſequeſter'd Groves:
Now for ſome virgin Heart the Lover dys,
Hugs the ſoft Chain, and burns with Ecſtacys;

While the fond Slave his Idol does adore,
Death ends the Chaſe, and all the Farce is o'er.

Learn, O! deluded Man, before too late,
Short is the Date of Youth, of Life the Date;
Fix on the Grave, as on the Goal, your Eye;
And think each Day you live you live to dy.

THE

THE EPISODE of THERSITES,

TRANSLATED

From the ſecond Book of the

ILIAD of *HOMER.*

THE

EPISODE of TIRESIAS,

TRANSLATED

From the Second Book of the

ILIAD of HOMER.

THE INTRODUCTION.

THE Contents of the preceding Part of this Book will be requiſite for the Connection of this Epiſode. *Agamemnon*, having received Encouragement from *Jupiter*, in a deluſive Dream, to proceed againſt *Troy*, convened a Council of the Princes; to whom he related the Viſion, and communicated his Stratagem to try the Diſpoſition of the Soldiers; which was, that he ſhould propoſe their Return, and the other Princes diſſuade them from it. A general Aſſembly was called, in which *Agamemnon* adviſed them no longer to cheriſh the Hopes of conquering *Troy*, but to ſail for *Greece*. They approved the Counſel, and prepared for the Voyage, but were prevented, and again aſſembled together, by the Conduct of *Ulyſſes*, whom *Agamemnon* veſted with the ſovereign

ſovereign Authority for a Time. I can not foreſee what Succeſs the following Tranſlation will meet with, but I may, without Vanity, affirm it to be a juſter Copy of the Original than has yet been in *Engliſh*; and if I am allowed that Commendation I ſhall not think it extravagant; ſince that which was before reputed the beſt has no more the Likeneſs of *Homer* than the Perſon of *Therſites* had that of *Achilles*. Some Perſons may think I choſe this Epiſode as one which Mr. *Pope* has moſt unfortunately imitated; but I ſincerely proteſt I have compared ſeveral Books of his with the Original, and have diſcovered as few Errors in theſe Verſes as in any the ſame Number. My Reaſon for fixing on this Part of the *Iliad* is becauſe I thought it, as it really is, one of the moſt difficult Epiſodes in the two Poems of our Author; and I am perſuaded I have anſwered one End, which I propoſed to Myſelf, that is, to convince my Readers, ſuch of them as were not ſatisfyed before, of the Neceſſity of a good *Engliſh* Tranſlation of *Homer*.

THER-

THERSITES,

From the Second Book of the ILIAD.

THE reſt appeas'd ſat from Contention free;
Therſites clamour'd much, and only he;
Of no immod'rate Uſe of Words aſham'd,
Groſſly he wrangled with, and idly blam'd,
The kingly Powrs; and when he Silence broke
Raſh and ungraceful were the Words he ſpoke. 1

Much

NOTES.

1 *Raſh and ungraceful.*] I know not which Part of his Imitation Mr. *Pope* intended for theſe Words, Μάψ, ἀτάρ θ' κατὰ

Much was the Wretch of ſcurril Language vain,
Provoking Laughter in the *Grecian* Train;
He was the vileſt that to *Ilium* came: 2
Diſtorted were his Eyes, one Foot was lame;
His

NOTES.

κατὰ κόσμον. He has either entirely neglected them, or wrongly conſtrued them thus;

With witty Malice ſtudious to defame.

The Character which the *Greek* Poet gives of *Therſites* is that of a deformed, fooliſh, talkative, malicious, envious, unmannerly, cowardly, and diſcontented, Perſon; whatever is ſayed of him, adding to, or taking from, theſe bad Qualitys, is no Part of the Deſcription of the *Therſites* of *Homer*. The Poet uſes the ſame Expreſſion in the fifth Book, where *Juno* complains to *Jupiter* of the Outrages of *Mars* on the *Greeks*.

ἀπώλεσε λαὸν Ἀχαιῶν
Μάψ, ἀτὰρ οὐ κατὰ κόσμον.

He deſtroyed the Greeks *raſhly and without Bounds, or Decency*, and not with witty Malice. I am certain this Conſtruction was more than the Effect of Careleſſneſs; for Mr. *Pope* confirms his Miſtake in two Notes. In one he calls him *an illnatured Wit*, and in the other he ſays, *military Men have not naturally the greateſt Kindneſs for a Wit*. He approaches nearer the Senſe when he makes *Juno* cry out, in the fifth Book, *what raſh Deſtruction!*

2 *He was the vileſt that to* Ilium *came.*] This Paſſage Mr. *Pope* has paſſed over, and intruded, in the Room of it, this Verſe of his own.

His Body ſuch as might his Soul proclaim.

This Reflection might not have been improper in a Remark; but

His Breaſt contracted to his Shoulders join'd,
His Shoulders riſing in a Bunch behind;
His Head ſharp ended in a piked Crown;
Thin flouriſh'd on the Scalp the Hairs like Down.
He hated much the Leader of the Hoſt,
But great *Achilles* and *Ulyſſes* moſt;

With

NOTES.

but I own I cannot here prefer it to the Senſe of the Original. The Poet, after he has told Us he was immoderately loquacious, and impudently ridiculous, not being ſatisfyed with exhibiting his particular Qualitys, ſums up all in this Expreſſion, αἴσχιστος δ' ἀνὴρ ὑπὸ Ἴλιον ἦλθε. *He was the vileſt Man that came to* Troy.

3 *He hated much the Leader of the Hoſt,*
But great Achilles *and* Ulyſſes *moſt.*] The Judgement of the Poet is very unexceptionable in the Particulars of this Character. The three Perſons, which are the Objects of this Wretch's Hate, are endued with the moſt glorious human Attributes. *Agamemnon* is veſted with Powr, *Achilles* is renowned for Valour, and *Ulyſſes* for Wiſdom; and the two laſt, whoſe Virtues in Princes are preferable to Powr, are the moſt hated by him of the three. The Senſe of *Homer* is quite perverted by Mr. *Pope* in theſe Lines.

Ulyſſes *and* Achilles *ſtill his Theme;*
But royal Scandal his Delight ſupreme.

What a Poverty of Thought and Diction is here! A Language too ſterile for Proſe! Suppoſing this Gentleman right in the Conſtruction of his Author, he has not expreſſed his own Meaning. By the laſt Verſe he would have underſtood, the ſupreme

With whom he wrangled much; and, void of Dread,
He loud and ſhrill aſpers'd the ſov'reign Head.
The *Greeks*, with Rage and Indignation ſtung,
Hear'd his unruly Libertys of Tongue;
Yet unappal'd the Wretch his Venom flings,
Outrageous thus, againſt the King of Kings.

Say whence, *Atrides*, thy Complaints ariſe? 4
What wants our Monarch that a *Greek* denys?

With

NOTES.

ſupreme Delight of *Therſites* was to ſcandaliſe *Augmemnon*, who was Sovereign, in the ſtrict Meaning of the Word, over the other Kings: but royal Scandal may be that which was levelled at any of the royal Perſons there. I am ſure no one, who is not poſſeſſed with the ſtrongeſt Prejudice, and who has a Taſte for Poetry, I will not inſiſt on the Neceſſity of his underſtanding the Original, can read an hundred Lines in the *Iliad* or *Odyſſey* of Mr. *Pope*, without being ſhocked at the frequent low and unmeaning Expreſſions which occur; and I cannot pretend to take Notice of the many Examples which this one Epiſode affords; ſuch as *Therſites attacked the Throne*, and *Ulyſſes aſſerted the Throne*; which are Abſurditys of the ſame Nature of the Expreſſion of royal Scandal.

4 *Say whence, Atrides, thy Complaints ariſe?*] *Therſites*, being provoked at the Return of the Army to the Aſſembly, begins his Clamours againſt *Agamemnon*, with recounting the Spoils of which he was poſſeſſed; inſinuating that Nothing but Avarice could make him impoſe more Troubles on the *Greeks*, by detaining them from Home. He reminds the Soldiers of the Indignitys

With maſſive Braſs thy Tents full crouded ſhine; 5
And num'rous the ſelected Beautys thine,
Of which we *Greeks* firſt make the Choice thy own,
When rich with Spoils we leave a conquer'd Town.
Say if the Luſt of Gold torments our King,
Which ſome rich *Trojan* ſhall from *Ilium* bring,

NOTES.

Indignitys which *Achilles*, the Glory of the War, ſuffered from *Agamemnon*; which are two the moſt material Circumſtances to make the Army retreat to their Veſſels; but, as *Dionyſius Halicarnaſſeus* has remarked, the Judgement of the Poet is admirable in making ſo ridiculous a Fellow begin the Mutiny; whoſe Example any Man of Repute would be aſhamed to follow. The inſufferable Freedom which Mr. *Pope* has took, in this and in the Speech of *Ulyſſes*, of inſerting Verſes of his own, and rejecting ſome the moſt ſignificant of his Author, may give the Reader an Idea of the Method which he followed thro his Imitation of both the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey*. His firſt Verſe in the Speech of *Therſites* is an Inſtance.

5 *With maſſive Braſs thy Tents full crouded ſhine.*] Mr. *Pope* renders πλεῖαί τοι χαλκοῦ κλισίαι *'Tis thine the golden Spoil*; but the following Queſtion, Ἦ ἔτι καὶ χρυσοῦ ἐπιδεύεαι do you alſo want Gold? might have led him into the true Senſe of the Author. He ſurely could not ſuppoſe *Homer* would make *Therſites* ſay, your Tents are full of Gold; do you want Gold alſo?

The Price of Ranſom for his fav'rite Boy, 6
Whom I Myſelf will Captive lead from *Troy*;
Or let our Chief ſome other *Greek* employ:
Or burns your Boſom with a new rais'd Flame,
For the Poſſeſſion of a blooming Dame?
Endeavours thus our Leader to encreaſe, 7
O! Shame! the Troubles of the Sons of *Greece*!

No

NOTES.

6 *The Price of Ranſom for his fav'rite Boy.*] Mr. *Pope* makes *Therſites* profer to bring the Race of royal Baſtards to *Agamemnon*,

For Troy *to ranſom at a Price too dear.*

A Vaunt which *Homer* did not think fit to put into his Mouth.

7 *Endeavours thus our Leader to encreaſe,*
O! Shame! the Troubles of the Sons of Greece!

From this Paſſage to the End of the Speech Mr. *Pope* has ſo trifled with his Author, that it would be too tireſome to enter on a Criticiſm on his Verſes. He has ſubſtituted, in-ſtead of the Senſe of theſe Lines, the following:

Whate'er our Maſter craves, ſubmit we muſt,
Plagu'd with his Pride, or puniſh'd for his Luſt.

I doubt not but the Reader will think the next which I quote as much beneath Criticiſm as any of the Tranſlation of *Ogilby*. To expoſe them therefore I need only tranſcribe them.

We may be wanted on ſome buſy Day,
When Hector *comes*; *ſo great* Achilles *may.*

No longer Men, degen'rate female Race,
Quick meaſure back the Seas, and fly Diſgrace;
Here let Us leave him, leave him to enjoy
The large Diviſions he has gain'd in *Troy*:
E're long our Abſence ſhall inſtruct his Pride
Of what Importance were our Arms ally'd.
On one, in whom a braver Spirit reigns,
He heap'd Diſhonour, and his Prize detains;
But now *Achilles* tamely bears the paſs'd,
Or this Affront, O! King, had been thy laſt. 8

NOTES.

8 *Or this Affront, O! King, had been thy laſt.*] The judicious Conduct of the Poet in this Speech is viſible to the End. After *Therſites* had mentioned the moſt agravating Circumſtances againſt *Agamemnon*, he concludes with the ſame menacing Expreſſion, Word for Word, which *Achilles* had uttered in his fierceſt Anger.

Ἦ γάρ ἄν, Ἀτρεΐδη, νῦν ὑστατα λωβήσαιο. Βιβ. α. 232.

Theſe Words of *Achilles* were freſh in the Ears of *Agamemnon*, and muſt therefore have a great Effect when repeated by another. I muſt here remark, that in all the *Latin* Tranſlations, which I have ſeen, of our Poet, this Verſe, tho exactly the ſame in both Places in the Greek, is differently tranſlated in the Diction, tho the Senſe is preſerved; but Mr. *Pope* goes farther, and changes both Expreſſion and Sentiment: which Difference in the Tranſlations muſt proceed from the Tranſlators not perceiving the Emphaſis of the Repetition; or perhaps they ſaw not the Repetition itſelf. Dr. *Clarke*, in his late excellent Edition of Part of the *Iliad*, has pointed out the Elegance of the Particles in this Verſe; which I think are very expreſſive of the Rage of the Speaker.

Therſites grouling thus his Mind betray'd
Againſt *Atrides* whom the *Greeks* obey'd;
Ulyſſes then the ſharp Rebuke began,
Who, riſing, ſternly view'd the reptile Man.

Here ſcreaking Brawler let thy Clamours end, 9
Nor longer ſingly with the Kings contend:

Not

NOTES.

9 *Here ſcreaking Braw'er let thy Clamours end.*] I may modeſtly aſſert that Mr. *Pope* might have uſed the whole Speech of *Ulyſſes* to *Therſites*, as wrote by himſelf, in an original Poem, without being accuſed of borrowing one Line from *Homer*. The ſix following Verſes are wholly his own, without being obliged to the *Greek* for a ſingle Hint.

Have we not known Thee, Slave, of all our Hoſt,
The Man who acts the leaſt, upbraids the moſt?

The Original which this Couplet is preferred to is this:

Οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ σέο φημὶ χερειότερον βροτὸν ἄλλον
Εὐμεναι, ὅσσοι ἅμ' Ατρεΐδησ' ὑπὸ Ιλιον ἦλθον.

I affirm no mortal baſer than Thee came with the Atrides *to* Troy.

For our Return we truſt the heav'nly Pow'rs;
Be that their Care; to fight like Men be ours.

The *Greek* Verſes which are omitted for theſe are the following.

Οὐδέ τι πω σάφα ἴδμεν ὅπως ἔσται τάδε ἔργα,
Η εὖ, ἠέ κακῶς, νοστήσομεν υἷες Αχαιῶν.

Not one of all the *Greeks*, the num'rous Band,
Who with th' *Atrides* left their native Land,
Not one of all this Hoſt, our Arms employ
Viler than Thee againſt the Walls of *Troy*;
Yet ſhall a Wretch like You, all void of Shame,
The Flight encourage, and the Kings defame.
You, while the Sons of *Greece* to act delay,
Uncertain whether to return or ſtay,
In Scandal buſy waſte your Hours away.
E'en now the King of Men your Slander bears,
Becauſe the Prizes with the Chiefs he Shares;
Their Gifts with Joy on him beſtow'd they ſee;
What but Detraction has he had from Thee?

NOTES.

we do not clearly know as yet in what Poſture our Affairs may ſtand, nor with what Succeſs the Sons of Greece *will return.* *Ulyſſes* therefore juſtly reproves *Therſites* for clamouring while they were in ſo uncertain a State.

Suppoſe ſome Hero ſhould his Spoils reſign,
Art thou that Hero, would thoſe Spoils be thine?

This Couplet is a free Gift, neither impoſed in the Room of any other, and for which is no Occaſion.

Mark well my Words; when firſt I hear again
Thy Tongue indulging this licentious Strain,
That Moment may this Head my Trunc disjoin,
And may *Telemachus* no more be mine.
If I forbear to rend thy Robes away,
And leave Thee naked to the Eye of Day;

Hence

NOTES.

10 *If I forbear to rend thy Robes away,*

And leave Thee naked to the Eye of Day.] *Ulyſſes* does not uſe one Expreſſion in this Speech as if he was ſpeaking to a Soldier, but as to a factious contemptible Reptile. He does not threaten to diſarm him, but to ſtrip him to the skin, to pull off even τὼ τ' αἰδὼ ἀμφικαλύπτει what covered his Parts of Modeſty; and to laſh him from the Aſſembly. The Menaces of Mr *Pope*'s *Ulyſſes* are therefore contrary to thoſe of *Homer*.

If on thy next Offence, this Hand forbear
To ſtrip theſe Arms thou ill deſerv'ſt to wear,
Expel the Council where the Princes meet,
And ſend Thee ſcourg'd and howling thro the Fleet.

In theſe four Verſes are three conſiderable Errors. As I obſerved before, *Ulyſſes* talks Nothing of Arms, but of ſtripping him to the Skin; without which Particular Half the Diſdain, with which *Ulyſſes* treats him, is loſſed. He does not threaten to expel him the Council of the Princes, but to beat him from the Aſſembly; that is, from the Aſſembly of the whole Army, as this was. Where the Poet calls the Princes to Council, without the People, he uſes the Word Βυλὴ, and for a general Aſſembly Ἀγορὴ. In the Beginning of this Book

Βυλὴν

NOTES.

Βυλὴν ὃ πρῶτον μεγαθύμων ἷζε γερόντων
Νεσορέη παρὰ νηΐ.

He fixed the Council of valiant Chiefs in Neſtor's *Ship*: and afterwards,

Βυλῆς ἐξήρχε νέεσθαι·
Οἱ δ' ἐπανέστησαν, πειθοντό τε ποιμένι λαῶν,
Σκηπτοῦχοι βασιλῆες.

He began to break up, or depart from, the Council. The ſceptred Kings aroſe, and obeyed the Leader of the People. In the following Verſes are both the Words, which diſtinguiſh the Council from the Aſſembly. After *Agamemnon* had ſpoke to all the Bands, the Poet ſays,

Ὡς φάτο· τοῖσι δ' θυμὸν ἐνὶ ςήθεσιν ὄρινε
Πᾶσι μετὰ πληθύν, ὅσοι ὑ βυλῆς ἐπάκουσαν·
Κινήθη δ' ἀγορὴ ὡς κύματα μακρὰ θαλάσσης
Πόντου Ἰκαρίοιο.

Thus he ſpoke; and raiſed an Inclination in the Breaſts of the Multitude; who did not hear the Council. The Aſſembly moved like the big Waves of the Icarian *Sea.*

After *Ulyſſes* had diſuaded them from Flight, *they returned again to the Aſſembly from their Ships and Tents.*

οἱ δ' ἀγορήνδε
Αὖτις ἐπεσσεύοντο νεῶν ἄπο καὶ κλισιάων.

The ſame Word is likewiſe uſed when *Ulyſſes* threatens to laſh him from the Aſſembly ἐπὶ νῆας *to the Fleet*, not thro the Fleet, as Mr. *Pope* falſely conſtrues it.

However trifling theſe Diſtinctions may ſeem in the Judgement of that Gentleman, they are what an able Tranſlator will ever obſerve; for many unjuſt Inferences may be made by ſuch as depend on a barbarous Imitation of an antient Author.

Hence to the Fleet, with this correcting Hand,
I'll laſh Thee roaring from th' aſſembled Band.

Ulyſſes ſpoke, and made the Daſtard cowr
Beneath the Enſign of the ſov'reign Powr:

A

NOTES.

Barnes, in his Edition of our Poet, quotes a Paſſage from the old Scholiaſt, which contains a ſhort Genealogy of the Pedigree of *Therſites*; which ranks him nearly allyed to *Diomed*: from which Authority I have been enclined to think him more than a vulgar Man. Indeed we may reaſonably imagine a Perſon with ſo many Deformitys of both Body and Mind, and who was deſpicable in the Eyes of the whole Army, would not have dared to clamour ſo freely againſt the Princes, if he was Nothing more than a common Soldier. He could not have been a ſovereign Prince, as appears from many Circumſtances in this Epiſode, and from his not being in the Catalogue of Ships; therefore if he was a Perſon of high Birth, he might be a Voluntier in the Station of a private Man, and perhaps one that came to the War more thro Curioſity than with a Reſolution to fight.

11 Ulyſſes *ſpoke, and made the Daſtard cowr*
Beneath the Enſign of the ſov'reign Powr.] The Reaſon why *Ulyſſes* roſe to chaſtiſe *Therſites* is becauſe he had then the ſovereign Authority in his Hand.

Αυτὰς, δ' Ατρέιδεω ΑγαμέμνονΘ. αντίΘ. ἐλθών,
Δέξατό οἱ σκῆπτρον πατρώϊον ἄφθιτον αἰεί,
Σὺν τῳ ἔβη κατὰ νῆας Αχαιῶν. 185.

He, meeting Atrides, *received from him his paternal and immortal Scepter; with which he went thro the* Grecian *Fleet.*

The

A bloody Tumour riſes from the Blow,
The Caitiff trembles, and his Eyebrims flow;
With inward Grief, ſilenc'd alone by Fear,
Forlorn he ſat, and wip'd the falling Tear.
The Sons of Battel, who th' Aſſembly crown'd,
Forgot their Sorrows, and the Laugh went round.

TYR-

NOTES.

The Poet tells Us, after *Ulyſſes* had received the Scepter of Command from *Agamemnon*, whatever Prince, or Perſon of Diſtinction, he met, he addreſſed with his Eloquence; but every common Man that was unruly he reproved with both Words and Blows: from which we may conclude *Therſites* to have been a Man of no great Repute; and if he was Something above the Multitude in Quality, his unſeaſonable Clamors deſerved a ſevere Rebuke.

12 *The Sons of Battel, who th' Aſſembly crown'd,*
Forgot their Sorrows, and the Laugh went round.] I wonder Mr. *Pope*, could be affected with the comical Figure which *Therſites* makes under his Chatiſement, and yet leave this Verſe unimitated.

Οἱ δέ, χ' ἀχνύμενοι περ, ἐπ' αὐτῷ ἡδὺ γέλασσαν.

They, meaning the Soldiers, *tho ſorrowful, laughed with Delight at this Object.* Here the Judgement of the Poet is no leſs admirable than in other Parts of the Poem. *Therſites* is not only made an Example of to deter the reſt from Mutiny, but ſeems to be formed in every Circumſtance to wake the Hearts of the Soldiers from Heavyneſs to Mirth.

TYRTAEUS, *on* MARTIAL VIRTUE.

To the Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

TO Thee, departed Chief, this Debt I pay,
The Song of Juſtice, and no venal Lay.
Thy martial Virtues, each advent'rous Deed,
A Tyrant humbled, and a Kingdom freed,
Thy Name above preceding Heros raiſe,
Excite our Wonder, and demand our Praiſe.
For Thee, immortal Shade, the Lyre is ſtrung
To Strains which erſt the brave *Tyrtæus* ſung;
Whoſe Verſe the Youth of *Lacedæmon* fir'd,
And to the Fight the Blood of Age inſpir'd:
O! had he liv'd thy mighty Acts to tell,
How had the Battel rag'd, the valiant fell!
Thee had we ſeen in thy triumphant Car,
And round Thee all the Virtues of the War:

But

But Nature gave him to a grateful Age,
That ſaw the Beautys of the Warrior's Page.
Thus the bleſs'd Bard began the martial Strain,
And to his Country ſung, nor ſung in vain.

" No Place he merits in recording Song,
" Whoſe only Boaſt is that he's ſwift or ſtrong,
" Not tho in Might he with the *Cyclops* vys,
" And from the Goal ſwift as the Wind he flys,
" Nor he whom Nature, with indulgent Care,
" Has form'd more graceful than *Tithonus* fair,
" Not tho he hoards of *Cinyras* the Store,
" And to him *Midas*, wealthy Prince, is poor;
" Nor o'er Dominions large who greater reigns
" Than *Pelops*, Monarch of the *Phrygian Plains*;
" Nor he who ſweeter than *Adraſtus* ſpoke,
" Who forc'd Attention when he Silence broke:
" All human Glory let him proudly gain,
" To me all Glory but of War is vain.

" He

" He is not form'd for Arms, the Soldier's Pride,
" Who ſhudders when he views the ſanguine Tyde:
" 'Tis brave where Slaughter rages moſt to ſtand,
" And with the Foreman grapple Hand to Hand:
" This Virtue is, and this the foremoſt Praiſe,
" And this to Fame the glowing Youth ſhall raiſe.

" The Voice of Honour is a gen'ral Call,
" The Scene of Battel open lys to all;
" The City there the Townſman may defend,
" And prove, in Danger, moſt her faithful Friend.
" May none inliſt and then ignobly fly,
" But boldly face the War nor fear to dy.
" The Man who dauntleſs can reſign his Breath,
" And animate his Friend to ruſh on Death,
" Is form'd for Arms; him Glory calls afar
" To ſhine illuſtrious in the Garb of War;
" He the dread Phalanx ſhall compel to Flight,
" And drive impetuous, like the Waves, the Fight.

" See

" See the brave Man in the firſt Ranks expire,
" Boaſt of his Country, and his aged Sire!
" His bleeding Breaſt declares he nobly fell,
" And the pierc'd Shield and wounded Corſlet tell.
" Their Hero dead the hoary Sires deplore.
" And the Youth grieve who know'd no Grief before;
" From all her Eyes the City mourns the ſlain,
" And follows to the Grave a diſmal Train;
" All Men his Tomb, all Men his Sons, adore,
" And his Son's Sons, till they ſhall be no more.
" His fair Renown ſhall never fade away,
" Nor ſhall the Mention of his Name decay,
" Who glorious falls beneath the Conqu'rer's Hand
" For his dear Children and his native Land;
" Tho to the Duſt his mortal Part we give,
" His Fame, in Triumph o'er the Grave, ſhall live.

" If with Succeſs he wards the fatal Blow,
" And home returns ſafe from the vanquiſh'd Foe;

The

" The young and old their grateful Homage pay
" To him, the Victor of the well fought Day;
" Uninterrupted Joys his Hours attend,
" And in Abundance wait him to his End;
" His Glory all conſult, and all his Peace;
" And lo! his Honours with his Days encreaſe;
" Him, proud to rev'rence, ſhall the nobleſt grace,
" And to their Soldier riſe in ev'ry Place;
" Each Sex, and ev'ry Age, of all Degrees,
" Fear to offend him, and rejoice to pleaſe.

" Who to this Height of Virtue hopes to riſe,
" Muſt Toil, muſt Danger, and muſt Death, deſpiſe;
" Undaunted he muſt take the martial Field,
" In Reſolution ſtrong, untaught to yield.

ANACREON

ANACREON

To the GRASSHOPPER.

GRASSHOPPER, we hail Thee bleſs'd,
In thy lofty ſhady Neſt,
Happy, merry, as a King,
Sipping Dew, you ſip and ſing.
Caſt an Eye around the Field;
All is thine the Seaſons yield.
Lo! the Husbandmen rejoice,
When they hear thy friendly Voice;
Mortals to Thee Homage pay,
Prophet of the ſummer Day.
Fav'rite of the tuneful Throng,
Of the *Nine*, and God of Song,

Phœbus

Phœbus gives Thee, ſuch his Will,
Voice to ſing ſo ſweetly ſhrill.
Ever young, with Plenty bleſs'd,
Like the Gods thy State of Reſt.

TRAN-

TRANSLATIONS
From CATULLUS.

To CORNELIUS NEPOS.

MY Friend, where ſhall the Poet chuſe
One worthy his facetious Muſe?
To whom's the gilded Volume due,
Adorn'd with poliſh'd Leaves, and new?
To whom, my beſt of Friends, but you?
For you *Cornelius*, you my Friend,
Would oft' my trifling Song commend;
You who, of all our Land, would dare,
(A Task, O! *Jove*, he well could bear!)
To ſwell the learn'd and labour'd Page
With Worthys paſs'd of ev'ry Age.
Accept this Verſe; whate'er it be,
Such as it is, 'tis due to Thee;

Which, Maid of Arts the Guardian, give
To future Times the Powr to live.

To HIMSELF.

CATULLUS give your Follys o'er,
And wretched ſeek what's loſs'd no more.
Propitious Days e'rewhile were thine,
When I could call the fair one mine;
When eager of the Chace I view'd
Her Steps with Joy, and quick purſu'd:
Such was my Love, and ſuch my Pain,
As none ſhall ever cauſe again.
Too ſwiftly did the Moments glide
In Sports you ſought, nor ſhe deny'd.
Propitious Days were truely thine,
When I could call the fair one mine.
No more in vain your Hours employ;
The Nymph to all you wiſh is coy;
No longer watch her Steps in vain,
Nor make your Life a Life of Pain;

Reſolve

Reſolve to act the manly Part,
And drive the Poyſon from your Heart.
Farewel my Love, here ends your Reign,
Catullus is Himſelf again;
With his Conſent unſought you fly;
He'll ask no more what you'd deny;
But think, now thou art falſe to Me,
What Sorrow is reſerv'd for Thee.
What Gallant will receive you now?
Or who prefer of Love the Vow?
Who now ſhall court the treach'rous Kiſs,
That leaves the Token of the Bliſs?
Catullus act the manly Part,
And keep the Poyſon from your Heart.

To ALPHENUS.

ALPHENUS ſay can you a Friend deceive,
And him, tho true, without Reluctance leave?
Tell Me, perfidious Man, *Alphenus* ſay,
Can you a Friend forſake, and then betray?

Have not the Pangs of Guilt your Boſom ſeiz'd?
Think not with impious Acts the Gods are pleas'd;
But theſe are Thoughts which never plaug'd thy Breaſt,
Who baſely left Me, and when much diſtreſs'd.
What can we do amidſt a Race unjuſt,
Where find a Man reguardful of his Truſt?
The Heart of Friendſhip you ſeduc'd from Me,
As if no Danger could ariſe from Thee;
But now, a Traytor to the ſocial Ty,
Your Actions give your former Vows the Ly;
Nor Words, nor Deeds, retracted longer bind,
Your Words retracted, and your Deeds, are Wind.
You may forget, and live a Wretch abhor'd,
But know the Gods remember, and record;
Faith well remembers, rev'rend Deity,
Who will exact due Penitence from Thee.

Of

Of LESBIA.

TO *Lesbia* when I ſpeak ſhe turns away,
And always anſwers ſhort to what I ſay;
Oft' as we meet to chide ſhe never fails,
And in her Viſits at *Catullus* rails:
I from my Soul believe, or let Me dy,
That *Lesbia* views Me with a Lover's Eye:
But I am ask'd, whence I ſo vain am grown;
I judge of her Behaviour from my own;
I always rail at her, but let Me dy,
If I do n't view her with a Lover's Eye.

To LESBIA.

YOU wiſh, my Life, in the ſoft Hours of Love,
Our Flame may conſtant burn, and mutual prove;
Ye Gods, if from her Heart her Wiſhes came,
Grant it to end but with our vital Flame.

From the EPITHALAMIUM *On the Nuptials of* THETIS *and* PELEUS.

YE Fair attend not with a faithful Ear,
Nor hope the Words of Man can be ſincere;
He vows, he ſwears, and begs to be believ'd;
And ye too eaſy truſt, and are deceiv'd;
He in the Guſt of Love will Truth defy,
Will promiſe all he can, and dread no Ly,
Till he has ſlak'd the Raging of his Mind;
When that is over all his Vows are Wind.

From

From MARTIAL.

PAUL.

PAUL fond of the Name of a Poet is grown;
With Gold he buys Verſes, and calls them his own:
Go on, Maſter *Paul*, nor mind what the World ſays;
They are ſurely his own for which a Man pays.

PRO-

PROPOSALS

FOR

PERFECTING

THE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

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PROPOSALS

FOR

Perfecting the ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

I Do not pretend, in the following Propoſals, to the Merit of any Diſcoverys, but ſubmit to the Conſideration of the Reader my Reaſons for the Neceſſity of a ſtrict obſervation of ſtated Rules in the Orthography of a Language. I ſhall firſt ſhew in what even our beſt Writers, whoſe Authority is often quoted by the bad for the Defence of their Errors, have been neglectful, and then point out the Diſadvantages which ariſe from ſuch a Neglect. What I would firſt propoſe, as moſt eſſentially requiſite for perfecting a Language, is the regular Conjugation of Verbs, and Declenſion of Nouns: to which moſt of our Authors pay but a ſmall Reguard, and make the Cuſtom of ſpeaking a Rule for writing.

If

Of Verbs. If we would make the Syllabel *ed* the Termination to the paſſed Tenſes of Verbs, we ſhould be free from many Irregularitys which we fall into. I ſhall inſtance the Verbs *ſhine* and *ſtrive*; the paſſed Tenſes of which are *ſhone* and *ſtrove*. Theſe barbarous Changes in the Formation, which are in many more Words, are made by no Rule, but from the Tyranny of Cuſtom. Let Us obſerve the ſtated Rule of adding to the firſt Perſon of the preſent Tenſe the Syllabel *ed* to make the paſſed Tenſes, and no Foreigner, who is inclined to ſtudy our Language, will be puzzelled to form any Verb thro every Mood and Tenſe, if he knows the preſent; and ſince *ſhined* and *ſtrived* are as well ſounding, by the Help of an Apoſtrophe, as *ſhone* and *ſtrove*, we have no Reaſon to prefer an irregular Conjugation to a regular. The Caſe is not with Us as with the *Greeks*, who had ſeveral Terminations of the ſame Perſons of Verbs and the ſame Caſes of Nouns. Tho the ſame Perſon of the ſame Tenſe of a Verb, or the ſame Caſe of a Noun, may end in ου, οιο, or other Terminations, according to the Dialect, a Regularity is nevertheleſs preſerved in each Dialect. If the *Greek* and *Latin* have ſtill their irregular Verbs and Nouns, they are not ſo many, in the beſt Authors, as will burden the Memory to retain them. I am certain that the paſſed Tenſes of *ſit* and *ſee*, which are *ſat* and *ſaw*, will not be well ſounding if this Rule is obſerved, or at leaſt will not preſently be reconciled

ciled to the Ear; but what I propoſe is the Obſervation of this Rule where Propriety and Sound are both maintained.

Of Nouns. As in the Declenſion of our Nouns ſubſtantive we do not alter the Word which is the nominative Caſe in any of the following Caſes, but point out each Caſe by a preceding Particle, or know it by the Verb which it ſtands before or after in the Conſtruction, all the Difference in the Orthography is in the two Numbers. The Plurals of Subſtantives are denoted by the Addition of the Letter *s* to the Singulars; which we ſhould make our conſtant Mark in all our Subſtantives; unleſs when the ſingular Number ends in *s*, *ſh*, *x*, or *z*; as in the Words *Goddeſs*, *Wiſh*, *Sex*, and *Phiz*, and Words of the ſame Nature. To the ſingular Number of ſuch Words if we add the Letters *e* and *s* the plural will be perfect. The Word *Man* muſt be another Exception to the general Rule of making the plural Number by adding an *s* to the ſingular; and what few particular Words may have the ſame Authority for their irregular Declenſions; and which would be reduced to the general Rule with the ſame Hazard of offending the Ear.

Of Degrees of Compariſon.

Tho the Adherence to fixed Rules in the Conjugation of Verbs and Declenſion of Nouns is moſt material in a Language, other ſubordinate Laws muſt be reguarded; as in the Degrees of Compariſon; which we have two Ways of forming; either by uſing the Degree of Compariſon before the comparative and ſuperlative, as *more happy* and *moſt happy*, or by adding the Syllabels *er* and *eſt* to the poſitive for the two other Degrees, as to *happy*, *happyer*, and *happyeſt*. In this Part of our Language we are more fortunate than either the *Greeks* or *Romans* were who had but one Rule for forming their Degrees. We, if an Adjective will not bear being formed by the Addition of the Terminations, are ſure of being right by uſing the preceding Degrees; as in the Words *bleſſed* and *fortunate*, the Sound not being agreeabel if they are formed according to the Terminations. The *Greeks* and *Latins* had more irregular Degrees of Compariſon than we have: the Reaſon of our excelling them in this Point is from our having the Privilege of rejecting one Method of forming our Degrees for another. Yet we are not without Exceptions from this general Rule, as in the Word *good*; the Degrees of which are ſo contrary to all Laws, that no Foreigner, in his Study of the *Engliſh* Tongue, can imagine the Words *better* and *beſt* to have good for their Radix. The ſame Word in the *Greek* and *Latin* likewiſe has unlaw-

unlawful Degrees of Compariſon. Who, that expects a Rule in Speech, would derive κρείσσων or κρείττων from ἀγαθὸς, or take *bonus* for the Radix of *melior* and *optimus*? Indeed neither of them are properly the Radix to the other. Ἀγαθὸς is *Greek* for *good*, and κρείττων for *better*; *bonus* is *Latin* for ἀγαθὸς and *melior* for κρείττων. Here is a new Word for each Degree of Compariſon, the Comparative having no Analogy with the poſitive; for which Reaſon we muſt ſee each Word, with the Interpretation of it, before we come to the Knowledge of it; whereas in all Words which have regular Degrees of Compariſon, if we know the poſitive, we know the comparative and ſuperlative before we ſee them. The Caſe is the ſame in the Conjugation of Verbs and Declenſion of Nouns; when they are truly grammatical, the Student, who knows the Rules for conjugating and declining, wants no more than the Knowledge of the firſt Perſon of the preſent Tenſe of the indicative Mood, and the nominative Caſe ſingular, to guide him thro all the Moods and Tenſes of the Verbs, and both Numbers of the Nouns.

Of the Pronoun his.

Among the prevailing ill Cuſtoms of our beſt *Engliſh* Writers is the Uſe of the Pronoun *his*, when added to a Subſtantive of the feminine Gender by Contraction. This is an Error which I believe I may ſafely ſay all who have wrote in our Lan-

guage

guage have committed. Let Us ſuppoſe how a Foreigner would examine the following Verſe of *Dryden.*

And haughty Juno's *unrelenting Hate.*

He would firſt find out what the Apoſtrophe contracts, and diſcovering it to be a Pronoun of the maſculine Gender he would read it.

Haughty Juno *his unrelenting Hate.*

Whence he would conclude, in Reſpect to ſo aweful a Name as that of *Dryden*, this to be one of thoſe Abſurditys which are countenanced by Cuſtom; which with other Irregularitys would forbid him the Study of our Language, did not the extraordinary Merit of our Authors blaze thro theſe Diſcouragements, and urge the Purſuit.

Of the Relative one *and* other.

The Relative *one*, which of itſelf directsUs to the proper Uſe of it, is often wrote in the plural Number by the Addition of an *s*; and the Relative *other*, which is either ſingular or plural according to the Subſtantive, is uſed in the ſame Manner, as *ſuch Perſons were there and others.* As the Word *others* is the Relative to *Perſons*, we muſt read them together to ſee the Propriety, which will be *others Perſons.* If an Author thinks the Period will not ſound well in the Concluſion without the *s*, he ſhould change

change the Expreſſion rather than depart from the Laws of Speech. I know our beſt Writers ſometimes fall inſenſibly into theſe Vices; but let them plead the Authority of the greateſt Names, and the Indulgence of Cuſtom, they will nevertheleſs always be Vices, and ſo many Bars to the Study of our Language.

Of ſuperfluous Letters; and of the Diſpoſition of Letters.

We ought in ſpelling our Words to reject all ſuperfluous Letters; Inſtances of them are in this Place needleſs, becauſe the Ear will direct every one to them. *Scepter*, and ſuch Words as have their Derivation from the *Greek* or *Latin*, may be an Exception to this Rule: tho we do not pronounce the *c* we may write it for the Sake of the Original; but the Cuſtom of writing the *e* after the *r* in the laſt Syllabel is a Fault. As the Intent of Letters is to preſerve to other Perſons our Thoughts, and in Words as we ſpeak, or ſhould ſpeak, them, we ſhould make the Vowel precede the Conſonant in writing as in the Pronounciation. We have indeed ſome Syllabels which, notwithſtanding the Diſpoſition of the Letters, from the Manner of Spelling have a doubtful Pronounciation; ſuch is the laſt Syllabel of the Word *Particle*; if the *c* precedes the *l* it may be pronounced *kel* or *ſel*, ſince to *c* we give the Force of both *k* and

s. In Words of this Nature Cuſtom may command.

Of the Participel. In the Diviſion of Syllabels betwixt which is but one Conſonant the Cuſtom is to give the Conſonant to the laſt where the Sound demands it. This Cuſtom is reaſonabel; becauſe the Sound is better in moſt Words when ſo divided. A *Participel* is formed by the Addition of the Termination *ing* to the firſt Perſon of the preſent Tenſe of the indicative Mood of the Verb; but in ſuch Words as *begin*, and *commit*, we may add not only the Termination but the Letter with which the Verb ends; from which the Diviſion of Syllabels will make an agreeabel Sound, as in *be-gin-ning*, and *com-mit-ting*; otherwiſe they would be *be-gi-ning*, and *com-mi-ting*. The ſame Reguard muſt be had in the Addition of *ed* and the Conſonant to paſſed Tenſes of the ſame Verbs. In ſuch Verbs as *love* the laſt Letter may be dropped and the Termination added.

Improvements which the Latins *made in their Language.* *Quinctilian*, in the fifth Chapter of the firſt Book of his Inſtitutes, on the Virtues and Vices of Speech, aſſures Us Monuments were remaining in his Days, with Inſcriptions on them, ſeveral Words of which

which were ſpelled in the following Manner *Choronæ*, *Chenturiones*, and *Præchones*, which, without any Reſpect to the Authority of long Cuſtom, polite Writers changed into *Coronæ*, *Centuriones*, and *Præcones*. This great Maſter of Language refers Us to an Epigram of *Catullus*; in which the Poet, with Wit and Judgement, explodes the ridiculous Obſervance of the Cuſtom of his Anceſtors in one *Arrius*, who for *commoda* would ſay *chommoda*, for *Inſidias Hinſidias*, and for *Ionios Hionios*. The Vices of the *Latin* Tongue were not confined to ſuperfluous Letters, but extended even to a Degree of Barbariſm in their Declenſions and Syntax. *Dijove* ſays *Quinctilian*, was wrote for *Dijovi*; which Alteration, as the Commentator on this Paſſage rightly obſerves, offered itſelf to the learned, for the Sake of the Variation of the ablative Caſe from the dative. The following Words were for an Inſcription on Stone in Commemoration of a naval Fight. *Rem Navebous marid Conſol primus geſſit.* In ſuch a State might the Language have remained a while, and have been now forgot, had no Genius aroſe againſt the Tyranny of Cuſtom. We might ſtill have been curſed with the Religion and Style of *Chaucer* had we feared to reform in either; but we muſt now look on him, as *Fabius* ſays of *Ennius*, *as the Object of our Veneration, like the ſacred Groves, for his Antiquity.* I am afraid the ſame may be ſayed of *Spenſer*, whom I truly revere for his Genius. He is

like the Groves *in quibus grandia et antiqua Robora jam non tantam habent Speciem quantam Religionem, in which the large and antient Oaks contain not now ſo much of themſelves as of Religion.* Moſt of our eminent Writers ſince him may be reduced to theſe Laws of Speech, without much, and ſome without any, Detriment to the Original; as may likewiſe ſome few Parts of him without much Difficulty.

Advantages of the Latin *Tongue over our.*

Some few Advantages excepted, our Language approaches as near Perfection as the *Latin*. We cannot hope ever to arrive to any Part of Speech parallel to that of the Gerunds. I ſhall give, for an Exampel of the Force of them, the Titel of one of the Poems of *Ovid*, which is *De Arte Amandi*; which means more than is expreſſed in the Tranſlation in theſe Words *of the Art of Love*, or *the Art of Loving*; it means the Art that is requiſite to conduct the Lover in his Purſuit after the Object beloved.

Of the Inſtitutes of Quinctilian.

That of the Advantages of one Language over the other is a Subject I hope more properly to reſume before a Tranſlation of the Inſtitutes of *Quinctilian*; in which I ſhall take an Occaſion to digeſt in Order ſome Remarks which I have made

made thro the Courſe of ſome few Years reading; but as that will be a Work of much Labour and Time I cannot promiſe the Performance of it ſo ſoon as I could if ſome preſent Obſtacles were removed. This Work of *Quinctilian* is not only a Fund of Wiſdom and polite Learning, but the Director of every Genius that is ambitious of attaining them; and I flatter Myſelf with the Thoughts of the Probability of my rendering it, even thoſe Parts which are entirely on the *Greek* and *Latin* Languages and Authors, both pleaſant and uſeful in an *Engliſh* Tranſlation; nor ſhall any Thing deter Me from accompliſhing it but the Publication of a more perfect Tranſlation than I know Myſelf capabel of giving, or the Interpoſition of ſome other Caſuality which muſt inevitably ſtop the Proſecution of it.

What I have here layed down as the neceſſary and primary Laws of Speech may prompt ſuch as favour my Propoſals to the Detection of what Vices in our Language I have omitted the Mention of. If ſtated Rules are obſerved thro all Parts of Speech the Facility of learning the Language will be no ſmall Inducement to the Study of it in Strangers. In theſe Bonds the Poets will labour under the greateſt Difficultys, but thoſe the brighteſt Genius will moſt eaſyly ſurmount; and ſome Libertys may be indulged in Verſe which will not in Proſe.

I ſub-

I ſubmit not theſe Propoſals to ſuch Authors as have no Views beyond the Grave in their Productions, or who know not what conſtitutes a Language, but to thoſe who wiſh no Bounds to their Fame; nay, a more generous Paſſion than the Thirſt of Glory ſhould fire them to the Endeavour of tranſmitting their Works to Poſterity, the Deſire and Pride of contributing to the Delight and Profit of thouſands yet unborn; which can not be without an Obedience to ſuch Laws of Speech as muſt ſupport the Language. If ſuch Laws are obeyed the Language will preſerve the Works of Genius, and the Works preſerve the Language.

Tho I have not exactly wrote according to the Scheme of Language which I have here layed down in any Piece but in this, I ſhall endeavour hence-forward not to depart from it till I am convinced of a better.

The END.

ERRORS *of the* PRESS.

PAGE 71, Verſe 4, for *my* read *thy*. Page 81, Verſe 2, for *to* read *he*. Page 90, Verſe 11, for *Tear* read *Fear*. Page 121, Verſe the laſt, for *with the* read *with their*. Page 134, in the Notes, Line 2, for *immediately* read *immoderately*.

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